

JUNE 13, 1988

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Reagan
reflects on his
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COVER: "There is no way I can explain how I came to be here" 12

From his Spaso House residence, the President tells Hugh Sidey of the wonder he felt in his remarkable odyssey to Red Square.

- Beneath the summit ceremony was a more subtle form of posturing. ► What lies behind the impasse on arms control.
- Nancy vs. Raisa, Round 4. ► Reagan gets a *nyet*, not from Gorbachev but from a Russian clergyman. See NATION.



WORLD: In the Negev desert, thousands of Palestinians languish in detention 34

Arab prisoners are held for months without charges or trial for joining the revolt against Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. They endure searing days and chilly nights under harsh conditions. ► Stomach cancer sidelines El Salvador President José Napoleón Duarte as his country drifts further into crisis. ► Apartheid squabbles on the seashore in South Africa.



BUSINESS: Already in the lead with record profits, Ford keeps accelerating 46

Almost everything the company produces these days seems to fly out of showrooms. The latest Ford model is a hot two-door hatchback called the Probe, which was designed and developed in a joint project with Mazda. ► Lee Iacocca sounds off in his second book, *Talking Straight*. ► A mess of misleading economic indicators fluctuate wildly and go through repeated revisions.



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Conservationists square off with rampaging ATV owners in a noisy war over wilderness areas. ► Season of death for North Sea seals.

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Idyllic cruising in clear waters, stunning sights and bargain prices make Turkey Europe's freshest destination for tourists.

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An indistinct Greek deity, 9½-ft. chess pieces and 28,000 magazines are among the items on view in three fine sculpture shows.

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Already steamed up over sex, the Episcopal Church faces a bishop's broadside. ► The Pope puts his stamp on the College of Cardinals.

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What could be smaller, more negligible than a comma? And what more important than this secular god, this sign of true love?

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Cover:
Photograph
from TASS

A MACHINE THAT'S GEARED FOR SUCCESS.



Furman Selz

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Van Kampen Merritt

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A Letter from the Publisher

A monk's cell in a Zen Buddhist temple in Kyoto, Japan, is not your ordinary writer's retreat. But then *TIME* Contributor Pico Iyer is not your ordinary writer. For one thing, he travels a lot. For the past eight months he has used Kyoto—either the temple or a tiny apartment in the ancient city—as a base camp for his forays around Japan and into the Himalayas. Iyer's trips have provided grist for a book in progress and recent *TIME* stories on the Dalai Lama and Tokyo Disneyland. "I try to catch the inner stirrings of a country," he says.

"Over the past year I observed the summer solstice in Iceland, attended the Wimbledon tennis matches and went to Cuba for Carnival." Iyer, 31, can focus his attention on something as small as the comma, the subject of his essay in this week's magazine, or as vast as China, which fills a chapter of his just published travel book, *Video Night in Kathmandu* (Knopf; \$19.95).

Born in England of Indian parents, Iyer immigrated to California when he was seven, and soon began commuting 5,500 miles back to Britain to attend Eton and then Oxford, where he took a master's degree in English. Betwixt and between, Iyer traveled. When he was 17, he toured by bus through half a dozen Latin American countries. Eventually, he quit globe-trotting long enough to pick up another master's degree, at Harvard,



Traveling man: Iyer at Zen retreat in Kyoto

where he also taught for two years before signing on as a staff writer for *TIME* in 1982. (He accepted the job from a pay phone in Sardinia.)

Three years later, Iyer took a leave of absence from *TIME* to explore Asia in greater depth. That trip resulted in *Video Night*, a series of lively meditations on the blending of Eastern and Western culture overseas. He became a contributor in 1986, and is now spending a year in Kyoto. His second book, he declares, will be an introspective work "about staying in one place; about discovering roots and angling for

depths. It will be a travel book about an inner adventure." This summer and fall he intends to spend time in London, Southeast Asia, Seoul (for the Olympics) and Bhutan. Whew!

■ ■ ■

Just before leaving Moscow last week, President Reagan asked Mikhail Gorbachev on behalf of an aide for a souvenir of the historic meeting: his autograph. Reagan then produced the Jan. 4, 1988, issue of *TIME* that named Gorbachev Man of the Year and had him sign the cover. We were happy to be of service.

Robert L. Miller

Luke Skywalker had Yoda...

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Letters

Killer Cells

To the Editors:

Your explanation of how the immune system fights disease, "Stop That Germ!" [MEDICINE, May 23], is one of the most amazingly accurate and complete I have ever encountered. As a clinical practitioner in an immunologic subspecialty, I found your description concise and exciting. It was like being caught up in a science-fiction movie.

Brian Peck, M.D.
Waterbury, Conn.



This hope-filled article offers good news to many suffering from serious illness. Several members of my family are battling cancer. I pray daily for researchers to make the breakthroughs that could save millions of lives.

Brian Owyong
Castro Valley, Calif.

The Pursuit of Riches

Michael Kinsley's discussion of the superrich and their capacity for accumulating wealth [ESSAY, May 23] didn't go far enough. Money is power in our society. Thus Rockefeller and Kennedy heirs have used their inherited wealth to win three governorships and four Senate seats over the past 30 years. Many of the members of Congress are millionaires. This clear perversion of our egalitarian ethic could be stopped in its tracks by simply changing the inheritance laws so that no more than \$1 million could be left to a spouse and each child. Inheritance taxes would take the rest of the wealth. This would give unbridled greed free rein during the lifetime of the entrepreneur but would spare us the spectacle of his offspring's buying up the government.

Edward Harper
Tulsa

Some additional reasons why the very rich keep amassing money: to them, business is a game. It's like Monopoly played with real money. They enjoy it. They love

making deals. Many of them are obsessive about conducting business, like compulsive gamblers. And finally, in piling up vast riches, they validate for themselves their own worth.

Harvey Silver
New York City

Rough Justice

Have we become so inured to sexual violence that the light sentences given to those men who pleaded "rough sex" as a defense for killing their partners [LAW, May 23] are the wave of the future? How convenient that the women who were involved are incapable of protesting.

Voni Moynahan
Cupertino, Calif.

I am enraged over the mindless direction of the judicial system. What's next for the victim of so-called rough sex—a letter censuring the dead person's behavior? The expression "getting away with murder" has never been more applicable.

Michael R. Neely
La Quinta, Calif.

Save a Snake

The story on rattlesnake roundups in Texas [AMERICAN SCENE, May 23] is a colorful portrait of a Western event, but it glamorizes environmental degradation. Those "horrible-wonderful" belled vipers (the name given to rattlesnakes by the 16th century Spanish in the New World) play an important role in nature's economy. Devastating the snake population means there will be more rodents. A recent study of the Western rattlesnake, *Crotalus viridis*, suggests that an adult snake eats 1.64 times its body weight in rodents each year. Thus removing 11,709 lbs. of rattlesnakes from the vicinity of Sweetwater means that the locals may have an extra 19,203 lbs. of rodents this year. When the rattlesnakes are gone, Sweetwater Jaycees may have to hold rodent roundups. Will the beautiful Miss Snake Charmer want to pose for a picture holding a rat?

John C. Murphy, President
Chicago Herpetological Society
Chicago

How very dull life must be in Texas when people have to get their fun from this sick form of entertainment. These useful and beautiful creatures have had a bum rap ever since one appeared with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The moment has come to make this so-called sport illegal.

Edward Maul
Swartz Creek, Mich.

Teaching Leadership

It is true that Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government places considerable emphasis on the number-

crunching, intellectual-analysis view of governing [NATION, May 23]. But as a magnet for the real-world practitioners of governance, the school offers students a chance to learn from people who know from firsthand experience that mere analysis is only the start for developing good public policy. I left the Kennedy School with a refreshed spirit of respect for the difficult work of running a government.

Edwin H. Davis
Alexandria, Va.

Your writer was infected by the inside-the-Beltway cynicism of Washington. People who dedicate their professional lives to improving the world around them can make a difference. That's what this school of government is all about. Also, your statement that the school's endowment stands at \$450 million is incorrect; the figure is about \$150 million.

Steven R. Singer
Director of Press Relations
John F. Kennedy School of Government
Cambridge, Mass.

You make the assertion that "Harvard University has given the country five Presidents, and Michael Dukakis might make six." However, if you include its graduate schools, Harvard has already given the country six: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy and Rutherford B. Hayes, who, like Dukakis, studied law there.

Kenneth H. Suzuki
Arlington, Va.

Curbing Congress

Ten years ago, I introduced legislation to remove Congress's exemption from the civil rights and labor laws that make up a bill of rights for America's workers [NATION, May 23]. Labeling Capitol Hill the "last plantation," I said then that our employees deserve the same civil, physical and economic working rights that are enjoyed by other Americans. My bill was not met with great enthusiasm. In fact, after listening to my statement on it, a senior member of the Senate suggested that I go back home to Vermont and stay there. But today, as you say, there is growing support for making Congress pay by the same rules it sets for other employers, and I have again introduced the Fair Employment in Congress Act.

Patrick Leahy
U.S. Senator, Vermont
Washington

Hiding the Competition

The U.S. does not need to pass legislation in order to practice protectionism [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, May 9]. U.S. manufacturers and their organizations are doing a pretty good job already: at the annual National Hardware Show in Chicago, sponsored by the American Hard-

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Letters

ware Manufacturers Association this year, all the foreign pavilions were moved to the least attractive spot. Swedish manufacturers have taken part in this event every year since 1975 and have always had the same prime location. When they were forced to relocate, they decided not to participate at all, and the U.S. manufacturers achieved their goal. But foreign competition does not go away just because you attempt to hide it. If U.S. manufacturers are to compete successfully in the international arena, they must let sparring partners into the ring.

*Bjorn Bieneck, President
Swedish Trade Promotion, Inc.
Chicago*

Stanford's Record

When you quoted me in your article on Stanford [EDUCATION, May 16] as saying it is a "snooty private institution where rich white people send their kids to school," you did not make it clear that I was referring to an image that the university is trying to lose. Actually, Stanford's record on affirmative action has been very impressive.

*Neil J. Smelser
Department of Sociology
University of California, Berkeley
Berkeley*

Checkmated Computer

I enjoyed reading about the computer named Hitech that participated in a major chess tournament in Chicago [AMERICAN SCENE, May 16]. Computers are catching on to the game, and it is amazing what even the smaller units can do. Since there are no outrageous multimillion-dollar salaries, players' strikes, broken bones from aggressive play, drug problems or owner-manager-player feuds, chess doesn't receive as much press coverage as some of our other pastimes. Many thanks for this story.

*Allen Brooks
Johnston County Chess Club
Angier, N.C.*

In an age when everyone speaks of the incredible intelligence and capabilities of the computer, it must not be forgotten that the most complicated and brilliant computer of all is still the human mind. I salute the likes of Chess Master Sergei Kudrin for proving this by beating Hitech in his match. Computers are indeed wonderful, but it is nice to know that the boundless, complex potential of the human brain can still defeat the best they have to offer.

*Douglas A. Bernstein
Pompton Lakes, N.J.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Critics' Choice

CINEMA

BIG. A twelve-year-old makes a wish to be big—and wakes up the next morning as Tom Hanks in a delightful comedy-fantasy about youth and age, and the differences between them.

A TAXING WOMAN. An immovable object in the shape of a greedy, tax-resisting real estate magnate meets the irresistible force of a zealous lady tax collector. Japan's Juzo Itami (*Tampopo*) collects our interest and offers sly dividends.

WINGS OF DESIRE. An angel, tantalized by the pleading voices of humanity, falls in love and then to earth. A timeless fantasy in today's West Berlin.

MUSIC

RUN-D.M.C.: TOUGHER THAN LEATHER (Profile). Rappers supreme, slippin' closer to

the old mainstream. Music still struts, though, and the braggadocious lyrics can be smart and funny.

ERIC CLAPTON: CROSS-ROADS (Polydor). Twenty-five years of mean guitar spread over 73 (count 'em) cuts. There's genius, passion and elegance here—along with a fair bit of fluff.

STRAVINSKY: PETRUSHKA; Symphony in Three Movements (EMI). Britain's Simon Rattle and his City of Birmingham Orchestra shake and roll their way through Stravinsky's great ballet score, then toss in a dazzlingly precise symphony.

TELEVISION

FREEDOMFEST (Fox network, June 11, 5 p.m. EDT). Whitney Houston and Harry Belafonte are among the gaggle of stars celebrating Nelson Mandela's 70th birthday in a

daylong concert from London's Wembley Stadium.

DEAF AND BLIND (PBS, June 17, 18, 24, 25, 9 p.m. on most stations). Frederick Wiseman, America's leading fly-on-the-wall filmmaker, observes an Alabama school for handicapped children in four separate documentaries.

THEATER

SPOILS OF WAR. Kate Nelligan shows the dark side of an Auntie Mame-style mom in Michael Weller's off-Broadway memory play, through June 12.

SPEED-THE-PLOW. Playwright turned filmmaker David Mamet returns to Broadway and skewers Hollywood. Singer Madonna stars as a temp secretary with big plans.

TEN PERCENT REVUE. After stagings around the U.S., this glimpse of gay life in lilting

songs and wry, affecting lyrics arrives off-Broadway.

BOOKS

CAPOTE: A BIOGRAPHY by Gerald Clarke (Simon & Schuster, \$22.95). An engrossing, sympathetic account of the Tiny Terror of U.S. letters and of a life spent swimming in a sea of scandal.

QUINN'S BOOK by William Kennedy (Viking, \$18.95). The author of the acclaimed Albany trilogy indulges himself in a picaresque romp through 19th century scenes, both real and riotously imagined. And yes, much of the fun occurs in Albany.

THE DEATH OF METHUSELAH AND OTHER STORIES by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$17.95). At 83, the Yiddish yarn spinner shows undiminished power to capture the peculiar din of human commerce.

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American Scene

In New York: Children of Apartheid Meet Broadway

Pouring out of the subway into a neon twilight, the band of teenagers shoulder through Broadway crowds. Past the Winter Garden where *Cats* plays on, past Dunkin' Donuts' 46 varieties, past the topless temptresses of movie marquees, past the T-Shirt Express, past the half-hour photo store, past the mendicant saxophone player on the corner. Decked out, some in black leather jackets, others in pink high-tops and bobby-sox, a jaunty tweed cap here, a brightly colored scarf there, they jaywalk across 48th Street in twos and threes, dodging yellow taxis. Quick! Into an alley, up a metal staircase and through an entrance marked STAGE DOOR.

From the townships of Zululand to the Great White Way, the cast of *Sarafina!* has traveled 8,000 miles, a sudden trip into future shock. At first the idea had seemed preposterous: a musical about apartheid played by the victims. Twenty-two Africans, ages 14 and up, were recruited from the corrugated-metal and concrete shacks of KwaMashu, Umlazi and other sprawling, neglected settlements separated from the prosperity of white South Africa. Honed into a humming, exuberant whole by Playwright-Director Mbongeni Ngema, they have turned convention on its head with a triumphant spirit and rollicking rhythm that transcend politics. In its ninth month, the show is a sold-out hit, readying spin-offs for Tokyo, London and Kingston.

An hour before curtain, in the basement of the 1,100-seat Cort Theater, the kids assemble for a voice lesson under a maze of heating pipes and lighting wires. Take-out fried chicken, quarts of Tropicana are put aside. "Feel how loose your tongue is! Baaa, baaa, baaa," exhorts the teacher, an ivory-skinned redhead, hammering on a piano key with her index finger. The kids imitate the sound and start giggling. "Don't laugh at each other! We're here to learn!" scolds the redhead. Silence. Then a few whispers in Zulu. "Hee, hee, haaa, haaa!" sings the teacher. More giggles. When class is finally dismissed, the kids clatter up a narrow staircase, whistling and ululating. The doors are plastered

with bumper stickers: KIDS ZONE, BABY-LAND BLVD, I LOVE MY BOYFRIEND.

Despite the teen trappings, a sense of mission infuses *Sarafina!*, a portrait of repression and rebellion at a Soweto high school. During "notes," a 15-minute discussion of finer points in the performance, the kids jump up to argue with the assis-

sant for a nightly ritual, heads bent in prayer. Soft voices rise and fall in a Zulu chant. In the corridor, band members stop short and bow their heads. The doorman, a flush-cheeked Irishman, respectfully removes his cap. "I've never seen this kind of dedication," he murmurs.

The intensity is reflected in the audience, which, unusual for Broadway, is more than 80% black. Black churches, civic groups and schools have bought blocks of tickets, swelling the theater with revival-level enthusiasm. "There's a family bond," explains Charnele Dozier Brown, the only American in the cast. During a recent matinee the spectators laughed, stomped, clapped and cried along with the musical's emotional tide. They lifted their voices to the anthem *Freedom Is Coming Tomorrow*. "You can relate to it," said Gloria Brown, a Newark cafeteria worker. Too much time has passed since the children of *Sarafina!* have seen their parents, their friends, or the green hills of Zululand. In the Hotel Esplanade (where they settled after guests at the Mayflower didn't take to rock music at 3 a.m.), they visit back and forth like in a college dorm. Their rooms are filled with VCRs, miniskirts, Japanese cameras and fluffy pink stuffed animals, but they are far from feeling at ease. "I miss the chickens that used to play on the ground at home," said Ntombikhona Dlamini, 17, the tiniest cast member at less than 5 ft. Her television is turned to MTV, where the rockers gyrate in Day-Glo.

Daughter of an evangelical preacher in Umlazi, outside Durban, she sang in a choir with her sister and four brothers. "In South Africa I didn't know Broadway was so famous," she sighs. "I didn't know it was the end of the world."

Dlamini calls her parents three times a week. Her roommate, Nandi Ndlovu, a 17-year-old with a round face like a happy Buddha, phones home nearly every night. "I can't do otherwise," she shrugs. Enfolded in a pink terry-cloth bathrobe, she curls up in an armchair and lets the computerized pages of the phone bill cascade to the floor. \$3.9678 worth of calls in two months. In the kitchenette, the re-



From Zululand to Manhattan: the cast of *Sarafina!* at work and play

tant director, Mali Hlaishwayo, in rapid-fire Zulu. He thumps his chest. "Emotion," explains one of the cast. At the stage door, starstruck American youngsters gather for autographs, but the kids of *Sarafina!* don't preen like the show horses of your average chorus line. The girls are mostly hefty. The boys tend toward skinny. Plain faces, remarkably ordinary. Bopping and hopping onstage, they maintain a wary reserve off-hours. Their English is lilting, halting, and political questions are turned aside for fear of reprisals back home. Five minutes before curtain, a hush falls over the backstage. They gather

American Scene

mains of some *ipapa*, South African-style cornmeal bread cooked here in the wee, homesick hours after the show, lie among empty cans of grape soda.

For all the torture, the tear gas, the murders of schoolchildren that *Sarafina!* depicts, and for all the agony of apartheid that its players have experienced, America, in its midtown-Manhattan incarnation, seems far from utopian. "Before I came, I thought the U.S. would be like a small heaven," said Thandani Mavimbela of Hlabisa, a rural village in Natal province. "I thought it would be like on TV—*The Boat of Love*, *Love Boat*? Or *Dallas*. But then you see places like Harlem. I was shocked. The empty, burned buildings. On Broadway, very poor people sleeping on the street. In South Africa, when I was hungry and far away from home, someone would always take me in. I would not have to eat from a dustbin."

Mavimbela, 26, is the broad-shouldered son of a house painter. He dropped out of school at 17: the family lacked the money to pay school fees for six children. Drifting from township to township, he found no steady work. Two friends invited him to act in a play about a youth who fled after the Soweto uprising of 1976 to join a guerrilla army. Fortuitously, the three would perform in community halls in black townships, ready to escape through a back door should police arrive.

Now Mavimbela's ambition is to go to college. Of all the *Sarafina!* cast, he is the most faithful in attending thrice-weekly after-hours classes held at Martin Luther King Jr. High School. On a recent afternoon, he was at the blackboard trying to figure out fractions. "Which one is the numerator?" the teacher asked. He pointed to it and then, on cue, to the dividend, the quotient, the remainder, the divisor, the denominator. His fellow cast members gazed intently at the blackboard chalked full of figures. On the wall was a poster from another Broadway play. *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf*.

Eight performances a week, lessons, and recording sessions leave little free time. But the cast managed to squeeze in a Sunday-evening trip to Staten Island for a birthday party at the math teacher's home. On the ferry, amid the hubbub, Dumisani Dlamini, who plays Crocodile, a high-stepping character in the play, was subdued. A striking figure with a Mohawk hairstyle and tribal scars on his sculptured cheekbones, he gazed off into the mist. "My mother passed in March," he confided softly. "Since then, life has not been the same. I could not go back to South Africa because of the show, there was no one to understudy for me. They sent me a videocassette of her funeral."

In the distance the outlines of the Statue of Liberty appeared in New York Harbor. Dlamini changed the subject. "Are there sharks in this water?" he wondered.

—By Margot Hornblower

Karl Marx, meet Adam Smith

American fast-food symbols beckon the Moscow masses...Mao's heirs squabble over whether China's entire Pacific Coast will become a freewheeling free-enterprise zone...even Western socialist states are cutting taxes and phasing out government subsidies of industries....

Can this be socialism? Yes, indeed, 1980s style. Workers of the world are uniting—in demanding a better life. But what Marx failed to predict was that socialism would have to borrow heavily from capitalism on the road to implementing its view of a more perfect social structure.

Think about it: A "workers' state" where workers can't strike or even form independent labor unions? A workers' paradise where two or three hours a day are spent queuing up for such luxuries as toilet paper and withered vegetables?

Marx's once-radical "solutions" have simply gone stale, particularly for the nations that were the first to try them. Even his pet targets—oligarchs, feudal landowners and "imperialists"—have largely passed from the scene. In more recent years, Western voters have reversed many socialist-inspired aspects of the democratic welfare state. Since 1979, in many lands, income tax rates have been lowered, industries deregulated, and parties espousing a traditional socialist line have been defeated. At the same time, communism, which once seemed poised to dominate large parts of Europe, has quietly faded.

The same is true in the Third World, where socialist ideas might have been expected to bear more fruit. Instead, many Marxist leaders in Africa, for example, now welcome foreign investment. They have seen their economies shrivel under socialism, and they have watched living standards rise as the free market was invited to return.

A number of Asian countries are already economic success stories because they vigorously followed free-market policies instead of socialism: Singapore, South Korea, Hong Kong and Taiwan. Thailand's per capita GNP is now four times higher than its neighbor, socialist Burma.

Of course the most dramatic reversal has come from the *sanctum sanctorum* of communism: Moscow and Beijing. An ultimate goal of Gorbachev's *perestroika* (restructuring) is to let production be set by the market and by plant managers, instead of by central planners. And Chinese pragmatists under Deng Xiaoping have begun to energize the population, through the broad-scaled abandonment of Mao's rigid economics. Both leaders, like socialists elsewhere, are also looking for more trade with capitalist countries—and both recognize the benefits that can flow equally to trading partners.

Can it be that these doctrinaire communists have finally seen the light? Hardly. Nobody expects them to disavow communism. But they are redefining it, so latter-day interpretations of Karl Marx sound more and more like free-market economist Adam Smith. Many now believe that this economic revolution has grown too large to be snuffed out. We fervently hope history proves this view correct—for the good of the capitalists and communists alike who share this planet.

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Nation

TIME JUNE 13, 1988

COVER STORIES

"Good Chemistry"

In an exclusive conversation, Reagan describes the intensely personal emotions that a veteran anti-Communist feels on visiting the Kremlin



There is no way I really can explain how I came to be here." It is Wednesday evening, his fourth day and final night in Moscow, and Ronald Reagan's voice is frazzled with fatigue. Yet it also conveys a sense of wonder at his remarkable odyssey. It is the voice of baseball on radio in Des Moines, of Hollywood flickering off the screen, of Sacramento, of Washington, and now of Moscow: friendly, unhurried in the midst of planned chaos. He ventures the thought that so many shared while watching him co-star with his fellow showman Mikhail Gorbachev in Red Square. "I

never expected to be here," the President says.

The most powerful anti-Soviet crusader of the modern era has become its most determined summiteer. "If we have accomplished something," Reagan says in a telephone conversation with *TIME* from Spaso House, the U.S. Ambassador's residence, "if we have made war more distant, then that is a source of satisfaction." He says it so simply, so matter-of-factly. His manner is still rooted nine time zones west, in the Cornbelt, but his sympathy seems to have shifted east by a continent or two. Reagan is now Gorbachev's hiking buddy around Red Square,



RED SQUARE

Sights! Camera! Action! Reagan the actor and Reagan the campaigner took his White House road show to Moscow for his fourth summit with Mikhail Gorbachev. With the Kremlin as his almost constant backdrop, the President seemed to be out on the stump for his host, praising the man and his reforms. Although there were seven signed agreements, those treaties were merely a sideshow: the main event was Ron and Mikhail. Gorbachev later complained about "missed opportunities," but no one could possibly have interpreted that as "missed photo opportunities," because none were.

his point man as Gorbachev goes into a contentious party conference.

Reagan is also a preacher—or, perhaps, a traveling salesman. He believes that the mashed-potato circuit, and now the caviar circuit, is made for hustling. He came to Moscow firm in his intent to discuss human rights rather than wrestle with the details of arms control. And discuss he did. Partly this reflected his need to burnish his hard-nosed conservative credentials back home: there was worry that he seemed more glowing in his endorsements of Gorbachev than of George Bush. But mainly it was because Reagan enjoys being a missionary and a teacher.

"I wasn't speaking to the American Legion," Reagan says. "I wasn't speaking to the Chamber of Commerce. I was trying to explain America and what we are all about." In his speech to Moscow's cultural elite, he gave new insight into why he finds himself breaking out of his stereotype as an unvarnished foe of what he once called the "evil empire." "In the movie business, actors often get what we call typecast," he said. "The studios come to think of you as playing certain kinds of roles, and no matter how hard you try, you just can't get them to think of you in any other way. Well, politics is a little like that too. So I've had a lot of time and reason to think about my role."

Reagan also touched on the soul of his nation. "Political leadership in a democracy requires seeing past the abstractions and embracing the vast diversity of humanity, and doing it with humility; listening as best you can, not just to those with high positions, but to the cacophonous voices of ordinary people, and trusting those millions of people, keeping out of their way. And the word we have for this is 'freedom.'"

His relentless lecturing on human-rights abuses in the U.S.S.R. sometimes jangled Soviet sensibilities. Reagan is defensive about that. "I did not want to kick anybody in the shins," he says. "I didn't think anything I said was too harsh."

Yes, he answers, he'd heard the great chorus of bells ringing especially for him from the Danilov Monastery, a spiritual island in the embrace of Moscow. There he had summoned all his stagecraft to read lines from Alexander Solzhenitsyn: "The secret of the pacifying Russian countryside... is in the churches..."

"George Shultz told me about Red Square," the President confides over the phone. "I wanted to see it. I asked the General Secretary if he could take me by for a look, and when we went there we had that little walk. I was very impressed by the size and expanse of the square. And there were several groups of people out there, and we stopped to talk with them. Here, too, they were so warm and enthusiastic, just like all the others I had met in the city."

But why hadn't he asked to go see the body of Lenin in the tomb on Red Square? He was so close. "The tomb is only open four days," Reagan says. "And the line was so long we did not want to interrupt

PROFESSOR REAGAN AT MOSCOW U.

Q. How have youths changed since the days when you were a student?

A. Well, I know there was a period in our country when there was a very great change for the worst. When I was Governor of California, I could start a riot just by going to a campus. But that has all changed, and I could be looking out at an American student body as well as I'm looking out here, and would not be able to tell the difference... I think there's a seriousness... a sense of responsibility... an awareness on the part of most of you about what you want your adulthood to be and what the country you live in, you want it to be.

Q. Since your term of office is coming to an end, what sentiment do you experience?

A. When I get out of office, I'm going to travel around... and try to convince the people of our country that they should wipe out that amendment [the two-term limit for Presidents] to the Constitution, because it was an interference with the democratic rights of the people... In Hollywood, if you didn't sing or dance, you wound up as an after-dinner speaker. And I didn't sing or dance. So I have a hunch that I will be out on the speaking circuit, telling about a few things that I didn't get done in Government but urging the people to tell the Congress they wanted them done.

Q. A group of American Indians have come here because they couldn't meet you in the U.S. Will you be able to meet them back in the U.S.?

A. I'd be very happy to see them. They from the beginning announced that they wanted to maintain their way of life... And we set up these reservations so they could, and have a Bureau of Indian Affairs to help take care of them... Maybe we made a mistake. Maybe we should not have humored them in wanting to stay in that kind of primitive life-style. Maybe we should have said, "No, come join us. Be citizens along with the rest of us"... You'd be surprised. Some of them became very wealthy, because some of those reservations were overlaying great pools of oil. And you can get very rich pumping oil. And so I don't know what their complaint might be.

Q. Why did you receive yesterday just refuseniks or dissidents?

A. You have to realize that we are a people that are made up of every strain, nationality and race of the world. And the result is that when people in our country think someone is being mistreated or treated unjustly in another country, these are people who still feel that kinship to that country because that is their heritage... Now I'm not blaming you. I'm blaming bureaucracy. We have the same type of thing happen in our own country, and every once in a while somebody has to get the bureaucracy by the neck and shake it loose and say, "Stop doing what you're doing."





WHAT THEY GAINED

Reagan

- By putting the INF treaty into force, he secured a place in history as the first President to negotiate a true cut in nuclear weaponry.
- By speaking out against Soviet human-rights abuses, he emphasized crucial differences between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. and assured his more conservative supporters that he has not become too soft on the Soviets. At the same time, he institutionalized the subject as a valid topic for superpower discussion.
- He regained the unanimous approval of America's allies, who questioned his foreign policy expertise after the Reykjavik summit, the Iran-*contra* affair and other blunders.

Gorbachev

- The summit focused international attention on economic and civil rights improvements won through his policies of *glasnost* and *perestroika*.
- By criticizing Reagan and others for meddling in internal Soviet affairs, he enhanced his reputation in the Communist world as a tough leader who cannot be intimidated.
- By dominating the summit and world attention, even without an arms-control breakthrough, he strengthened his hand for the Communist Party conference later this month.





it." The voice of Dutch Reagan seems to grow a little tentative. Was there an ideological limit to photo opportunities he would allow in this Kremlin pilgrimage? Was there a deal with his host, spoken or not, that Lenin and Reagan should lie and stand apart? Reagan doesn't say.

That Reagan believes Gorbachev is far removed from Lenin is plain. The friendship with Gorbachev, he admits, is real. "There is good chemistry between us," Reagan says. "I think progress has been made by us. I think that through this succession of summits there is a much better understanding. I think we made gains this time."

There is something so personal about this summit, the President explains. Systems may be brutish, bureaucrats may fail. But men can sometimes transcend all that, transcend even the forces of history that seem destined to keep them apart. The idea that he would ever go to Moscow was only a dim possibility until he met Gorbachev. Then it sprang to life in an intimate inkling.

At their Geneva summit in 1985, Reagan recalls, "we went down to the pool house which I had prepared and we sat in front of the open fire and talked. On the way back, I turned to him and said, 'You've never been to our country. I'd like you to see it.' And he said, 'All right. I'll go to Washington for a summit. But then let's have another one in Moscow and you can see our country.' When we went back and told the others about two summits they nearly fell out of their chairs. That was the first time I really had a feeling that I would see Moscow."

From then it was only a matter of time before Reagan would be face to face with Lenin's legacy. He and Nancy entered the Kremlin on a red carpet that led up a grand staircase toward St. George's Hall. Reagan looked up and the whole world seemed filled by the huge and powerful painting of Lenin addressing the Communist Youth League in 1920. Reagan never missed a step. "I sort of expected him to be there," Reagan says. "I knew I was going to see a lot of Lenin."

"The biggest thing about this visit," he declares, "the thing that impressed me the most, was the people. They were lined up along the street by the thousands. I was amazed by their sincere warmth and pleasure at us being there. At first I was trying to wave from inside the car. Then I decided to open the window a little bit and stick my hand out so that they could actually see there was a person in the car. They seemed to respond to that."

Because their son Ron had urged the Reagans to see the Arbat, Moscow's lively pedestrian mall, the first thing they did after the greetings was take a stroll through the area. It turned into a crunch. "We thought we could sneak out," Reagan relates. "But the world must have gotten around. A lot of people showed up and it was the same warm welcome. The damper was how the KGB security men treated their own people. Our problems are not people to people, they are government to government."

Inside the Kremlin, he noted the religious paintings that adorn the walls. He did his share of neck craning at the dinners and ceremonies, and the cameras, thus directed, followed his gaze to the figures of Christ and the Apostles. He wondered to himself whether, if something were to happen to the decorations, they could be restored. "I looked up at all the beautiful work," says Reagan, "and I thought about our great technology and our ability to build skyscrapers and all that, and I had to wonder if we could duplicate this. Could we find people in the world to do that kind of work?" This was,

perhaps, another subtle reprimand for all nations that repress individuality, a theme he preached from the Danilov Monastery to Moscow State University.

When he mentions his visit to the university, Reagan seems to get a surge of enthusiasm. "That was very encouraging," he says. "Their interest was genuine. When I finished talking to the Soviet students, I met with 35 American students who are studying at the university. I can't believe this interrelationship does not affect governments. That's why I want to set up a program for more exchange, for thousands of students."

The summit meeting is waning, a remarkable free-form talkathon that flowed across the city from the elegant Kremlin chambers to the sullen, gritty streets. It may prove, when history looks back, to be Reagan's finest hour, not to be measured by the treaties and agreements signed, because they were of modest nature, but by the easing of tension and the nurturing of understanding between the suspicious superpowers. During his visit Reagan defined his presidency in more detail and feeling than he has ever done. He was making a bid for history to look up and take notice.

—By Hugh Sides/Moscow



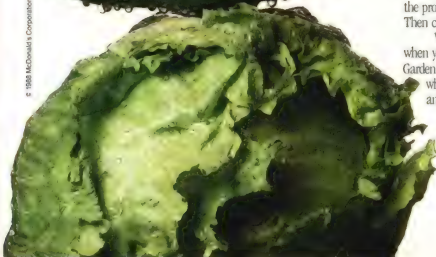
SMILES TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

At first it promised to be different. A new beginning. No more stony encounters as at last December's Washington summit. Emerging from the Kremlin's Church of the Assumption last Sunday, Nancy Reagan and Raisa Gorbachev smiled and held hands like schoolgirls. Yet despite grins and embraces, neither masked her antipathy for long. Inside, Nancy could not resist a dig: Was the church available for religious services? "Nyet," came the curt reply. "Oh yes, the word *nyet*," said Nancy. "That I understand."

On Wednesday the First Ladies toured the famous Tretyakov Gallery. Instead of meeting her guest at the entrance, Raisa went upstairs—to the waiting press. "Maybe we'll have a conversation since you're on time and the guests are late," she said. By the time Nancy arrived, Raisa had expounded on the gallery's icons, with no hint of their theological significance. When Nancy fielded a question, Raisa cut in. "I want to say something now, O.K.?" insisted Nancy. As Raisa frowned at her watch, Nancy was asked about the meaning of the icons. "I don't know how you can neglect the religious implications," she observed. "I mean, they are there."



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A Gentle Battle of Images

Behind all the ceremony was a more subtle form of posturing

Ronald Reagan was born to campaign: he loves it and does it well. Last week, in the twilight of his presidency, he was back to his specialty, this time amid the onion domes of Moscow. Strolling around Red Square, talking to priests, writers, students and refuseniks, toasting his hosts at gala dinners, the President was unmistakably campaigning—primarily on behalf of American-style human rights but also, and somewhat confusingly, on behalf of his opposite number and sometime adversary, the General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party.

Mikhail Gorbachev has never had to run for office, at least not in the conventional sense. But he too is a natural campaigner, as anyone who saw him pick up a child in Red Square and tell him to "shake hands with Grandfather Reagan" would testify. He was running a kind of counter-campaign, seeking to present himself as a radical reformer who is revitalizing the Soviet Union and toning down conflict between the superpowers—but also as a confident leader who would not get pushed around by any Reagan sermonizing.

For both, it was a complex task. Reagan had to praise Gorbachev's drive for *glasnost* and *perestroika* while still making clear that it does not yet go nearly far enough, and he had to criticize the Soviet human-rights performance sharply without attacking Gorbachev personally. Gorbachev had to alternate between chumminess with Reagan and resentment of his unabashed preachiness.

Not surprisingly, each stumbled at times: Reagan by pulling his punches at the end and weakly blaming Soviet human-rights violations on "bureaucracy" rather than the Communist system (or heaven forbid!) his host, Gorbachev by taking now and then an almost contemptuous attitude toward Reagan. But like the seasoned troupers they are, they generally brought off their assignments with a surefooted panache.

Given their goals, it was not surprising that their fourth summit revolved around the ceremonial events rather than the one-on-one Reagan-Gorbachev meetings. With the Intermediate Nuclear Forces Treaty

ratified, the potential Strategic Arms Reduction Talks treaty bogged down and the Soviets pulling out of Afghanistan, there was not much top-level business to transact—or at least not much that could get transacted given the constraints. Aides dutifully produced seven agreements, a procedure that has become de rigueur for summits lest they be popularly judged failures. But the agreements mostly concerned such minor matters as nuclear-testing procedures, fishing rights and exchanges of students. In effect, though certainly not in title, this was the Photo Opportunity Summit.

In the battle of images, Reagan several times appeared tired and disengaged, to the point that Gorbachev felt obliged to come to his rescue and cut off reporters' questions before one of their private ses-

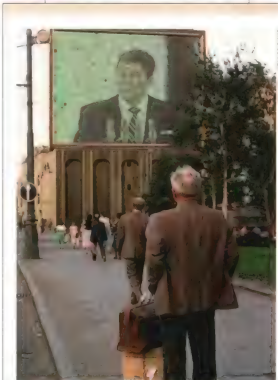
sions. Gorbachev is a generation younger, and looked it: he appeared constantly animated, bursting with ideas and emotions.

But it was the President who set the tone and the theme, and he did it almost as soon as he stepped off Air Force One. After a brief opening ceremony on Sunday, Reagan began his first private meeting with Gorbachev by handing him a list of cases involving Soviet people who are being denied the right to leave the U.S.S.R. or, in the U.S. view, unjustly imprisoned. Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater quoted him as telling Gorbachev that for Americans the issue of human rights "has pride of place" because they view it as being at the bottom of differences between the superpowers.

That appeal apparently had little effect, and later in the day Reagan got a lesson in U.S. and Soviet cultural differences.

When he and Nancy went for an unscheduled walk around the Arbat, a quaint Moscow shopping mall, the friendly but thrusting crowds alarmed the KGB Guards appeared out of nowhere to form a flying wedge around the Reagans and roughed up everyone from journalists to children. "It's still a police state," the President was heard to mutter. That night Reagan was expected to visit the Moscow apartment of Yuri and Tanya Zieman, refuseniks who have been denied permission to emigrate. He desisted after a Soviet official warned an American counterpart that such a visit would doom forever any chance that the Zieman would be let go.

On Monday and Tuesday, Reagan took his human-rights campaign public. At the ancient Danilov Monastery, recently given back to the Russian Orthodox Church, he preached religious freedom. "We pray that the return of this monastery signals a willingness to return to believers the thousands of other houses of worship which are now closed, boarded up or used for secular purposes." At Spaso House, the American Ambassador's residence, the President was host to a meeting with 96 dissidents and refuseniks, including the Zieman; some of them attended despite harassment and left fearing punishment. Said Reagan: "I wanted to convey... support to you that you might in turn convey to oth-



Reagan criticized Soviet human-rights violations without attacking Gorbachev personally

ers, so that all those working for human rights throughout this vast land... might be encouraged and take heart."

Speaking to writers and intellectuals Tuesday morning, Reagan quoted from works of long-suppressed Russian authors. And at Moscow State University that afternoon, he developed a new theme: expanded human rights are essential to the economic revival that Gorbachev is trying to promote. "We are emerging from the economy of the industrial revolution, an economy confined to and limited by the earth's physical resources" into a new type of postindustrial economy in which the "freedom to create is the most precious natural resource," he said as Lenin's bust beamed down on the crowd.

In every speech, however, Reagan took care to compliment Gorbachev on the liberalization he has already achieved in Soviet society. To the dissidents he proclaimed that "this is a moment of hope... the freedom to keep the fruits of one's own labor, for example, is a freedom that the present reforms seem to be enlarging. We hope one freedom will lead to another." Aides left no doubt that Reagan was deliberately attempting to give a boost to Gorbachev, who faces key votes on further proposed reforms at a Communist Party conference beginning June 28. Reagan "believes that without Gorbachev there wouldn't be any of this" liberalization, says one adviser.

Gorbachev did not altogether appreciate the plug. The General Secretary and his aides repeatedly expressed resentment at Reagan's human-rights prodding, which some feared would play into the hands of Gorbachev's domestic rivals. Toasting Reagan at a state dinner, Gorbachev pointedly asserted that "we want to build contacts among people in all forums... but this should be done without interfering in domestic affairs, without sermonizing or imposing one's views or ways, without turning family or personal problems [a reference to refuseniks] into a pretext for confrontation between states." At other times, he treated the issue as an annoying distraction from more serious business, grumbling that he would prefer to talk "real politics" with Reagan.

Mostly, though, the Soviet reply to Reagan's human-rights pressure was suave, if a bit patronizing: the aged President, he implied, does not understand how rapidly events are moving in the Soviet Union, and is denouncing conditions of the past. Americans, said Gorbachev, "just do not know about the process of democratization in this country." Indeed, the Soviets put on an impressive show of *glasnost* for the world press.

Public figures roamed though the press center offering comment on all manner of subjects, some having nothing to do with summity. Gorbachev held a two-hour televised press conference, the first he has conducted in Moscow (though he has held such sessions abroad). Soviet officials staged a press conference for Andrei Sakharov, the celebrated dissident freed from internal exile by Gorbachev, and even arranged an interview for the BBC, CBS and ABC with Boris Yeltsin, who was sacked as Moscow Communist Party boss last November. Yeltsin called for the ouster of Yegor Ligachev, No. 2 in the Politburo, provoking a startled reaction from Gorbachev that will probably end what remains of Yeltsin's political career. All in all, it was an amazing lesson on the new scope of *glasnost* and also on its limits.

Face to face, Reagan and Gorbachev continued to get along, though sometimes with strain. At their first private session, Gorbachev proposed language for the closing communiqué that Reagan said seemed all right but thought he ought to discuss with his aides. They found the language filled with Soviet code words from the Nixon-

Kissinger era of détente (peaceful coexistence, for example) that might be interpreted to prevent the U.S. from continuing to press for more Soviet human rights and to support anti-Communist insurgents in Third World countries. U.S. and Soviet experts worked out more noncommittal language. But at the last formal session on Wednesday, Gorbachev directly challenged Reagan: "You said you were for peaceful coexistence. Then why not put [those words] in the communiqué?" He went further to ask Reagan's aides. "What about you, George [Shultz], Frank [Carlucci]? Why not this language?" After a five-minute recess, Reagan stood toe to toe with Gorbachev and said quietly, "I'm sorry, this language is not acceptable." "Why not, Mr. President?" asked the Soviet leader. "We can't accept it," Reagan replied without elaboration. "O.K. I can see I'm not going to change your mind," said Gorbachev, quickly changing the subject.

On his way home from Moscow, Reagan got a victor's welcome both in London and at Andrews Air Force Base in Washington. In an exceptionally eloquent speech Friday in London's 550-year-old Guildhall, he pledged a "forward strategy of freedom" in dealing with Moscow, a "strategy of public candor about the moral and fundamental differences between statism and democracy, but also a strategy of vigorous diplomatic engagement." Back in the U.S., speaking to a flag-waving crowd, the President was more brief and personal. "We're a little tired," he said, "but we're exhilarated at what has happened."

Exhilaration is perhaps too strong. The superpower leaders had merely got through a summit that produced no breakthroughs but no backsliding either. Given the angry animosity that for so long divided the U.S. and U.S.S.R., however, that is no small achievement. As Reagan put it in his Guildhall speech, "To those of us who remember the postwar era, all of this is cause for shaking the head in wonder. Imagine, the President of the United States and the General Secretary of the Soviet Union walking together in Red Square, talking about a growing personal friendship." Even when summits end without any breakthrough on arms control—even if, as Gorbachev said, they leave a vague sense of missed opportunity—the fact that they now seem almost a matter of course may, in fact, be the most amazing thing about them.

—By George J. Church, Reported by James O. Jackson/Moscow, Barrett Seaman and Strabo Talbott with Reagan



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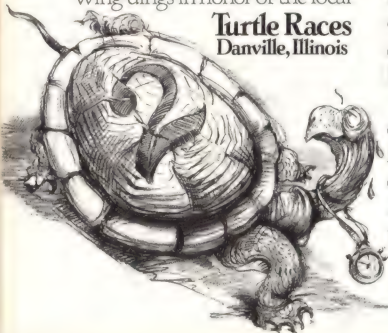
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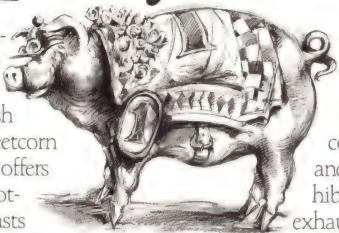
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The Summit's Good Soldiers

An anatomy of the arms-control impasse that made the difference

Iust as superpowers are doomed to coexist, every summit seems destined to produce, sooner or later, a letdown. That is because the buildup is artificial. Such meetings are, by intent, based on the conceit that relations between traditional adversaries can change profoundly for the better, that they can change quickly, and that they can change as a result of the interaction between the superleaders themselves.

None of those propositions is true. If two countries are so at odds that the world devotes millions of words and hours of live television coverage to an encounter between two of their citizens, then clearly their differences are far too great for a few days to effect that much of a change.

In the case of the Moscow summit of 1988, the feeling of mild anticlimax set in before Ronald Reagan even climbed aboard Air Force One to ride west. Part of the reason was the flip side of the good news about Soviet-American relations: this was, after all, Reagan's fourth meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev, and even the amazing sight of their walking through Red Square together could hardly be considered a historic triumph.

Beyond the general sense of unfulfillment, there was something quite specific that did not happen. A number of the President's advisers had come openly hoping for a breakthrough in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks that would enable them to announce a fifth summit in the fall. Hence there was palpable disappointment when it looked as though summitry and major arms control might be over for the duration of the Administration.

The main reason for the impasse in START was also specific—excruciatingly so: how to restrict sea-launched cruise missiles. Since SLCMs use highly sophisticated guidance systems, the U.S. has an advantage. Therefore the Soviets are trying to restrict them, while the U.S. wants virtually to exempt them from START.

This might appear to be a surprisingly arcane issue. Yet last week, while Reagan and Gorbachev were discussing global and philosophical matters, some of their key aides were locked in a passionate dispute over weapons that are almost too small, too slow and too low-

flying even to be considered strategic.

Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci came as close as he ever does to raising his voice when he tried to persuade Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Yazov that SLCMs should not figure in calculations of the overall balance of destructive power. Yazov was just as adamant: SLCMs can strike deep inside the Soviet Union, he said, and thus must be limited by START.

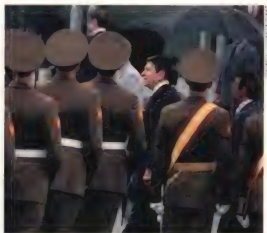
At the state dinner Monday night, a

tions over a scrambler phone with Carlucci and National Security Adviser Colin Powell, who is an Army lieutenant general. Crowe was hoping that the Soviets would back down on SLCMs—and worrying about the possibility that the U.S. side would give in.

None of these military leaders, Soviet or American, is in any sense a Bonapartist, too big for the brithes of his uniform. Nor is any of them an opponent of arms control. When Carlucci replaced the ultra-hard-liner Caspar Weinberger last November, he ushered in a welcome collegiality between the Defense and State departments. On Capitol Hill, he is now probably the single most respected official of the Executive Branch; unlike Weinberger, he seems willing to make prudent compromises with budget-minded Senators as well as with the Soviets. Crowe too has impressed the State Department, even as he has balked at its proposed formulas for finessing the SLCM issue.

Gorbachev seems to have come up against a similar problem from his own good soldiers. He handpicked Yazov in May 1987, after a quixotic West German peacenik landed in Red Square in a single-engine Cessna (in effect, a piloted cruise missile). That event gave Gorbachev an excuse to purge the Defense Ministry. Ever since the Reykjavik summit in October 1986, Akhromeyev has worn his civies and served as chairman of the Soviets' arms-control "working group," impressing the American team. Carlucci and Yazov held their own unprecedented meeting in Bern on March 16 and 17, and Akhromeyev will visit Crowe in July.

Yet when push came to shove in Moscow last week, it was these military officers who came together in a perverse sort of joint venture to thwart their bosses' desire for a more upbeat ending to the summit. They could be accused of defending parochial military interests. Indeed that is what they were doing. But that, of course, is what they are paid to do. In a relationship that is still rooted in the paradox of deference, the soldiers will have their say, including their veto over what the diplomats—or, for that matter, the President and the General Secretary—can accomplish at one meeting. Or four. —By Strobe Talbott/Moscow



When push came to shove, these military officers came together

civilian aide to Gorbachev buttonholed Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, the chief of the Soviet General Staff. The General Secretary was eager for a START treaty this year, before the U.S. went through what the Soviets regard as the temporarily paralyzing and perennially mystifying process whereby it changes its leadership. Why not put the SLCM issue aside for the moment so that START can go forward? "Nyet!" boomed the marshal.

Akhromeyev's American counterpart, Admiral William Crowe, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was far away yet closely following the same issue. He had been scheduled to take a trip to Asia after a NATO meeting in Brussels, but he went back to Washington instead. He kept his television set at the Pentagon tuned to the Cable News Network for its frequent on-the-scene reports from Moscow and conducted a number of conversa-

Photographed by Stephen Wilkes for the Magazine Publishers of America © 1989



Before I buy a car, Maggie always does the test driving.

Nation

Behind the Scenes in Moscow

Encounters with God, golf, Dave Winfield and the KGB

Ways to approach God. Reagan's advance team received a lecture when it asked Russian Orthodox Church authorities to pave approaches to the Danilov Monastery in order to accommodate the President's limo. "One does not ride to see God," said Metropolitan Filaret, the second-ranking Russian clergyman. "One walks either upon his feet or upon his knees." Reagan opted for his feet.

Bogey. When U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze and Assistant Secretary of State Rozanne Ridgway were scheduled to brief them, reporters chafed as U.S. Industrialist Armand Hammer prattled on about his intention to build the U.S.S.R.'s first golf course outside Moscow. How did he rate the mike? Hint: his money helped build the press center. Hammer omitted the fact that ten years ago he announced similar plans for a golf course.

A ceremony at ground zero. As Reagan and Gorbachev signed the first treaty requiring the destruction of nuclear weapons, not far away waited U.S. Air Force Major Steven Chealander, carrying a black briefcase. Contents: the codes Reagan would need to order a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union.

Fast on his feet. He wore no I.D. badge, so Soviet guards stopped the car carrying Marlin Fitzwater to the Kremlin dinner. The portly White House spokesman jumped out and chased the receding motorcade on foot. Guards pursued, but Fitzwater, at 197 lbs., won. Said he: "I gave new meaning to the word gazelle."

Behind the gift. When Reagan gave Gorbachev a videotape of the 1956 movie *Friendly Persuasion*, he neglected to mention two things. One: the book behind the movie was written by Jessamyn West, a Quaker and distant cousin of Richard Nixon. Two: the screen script was done

by Michael Wilson, who had been blacklisted by the movie industry for his suspected Communist connections.

A friendly cue. Seated comfortably at the Bolshoi Theater, Reagan kept his head high, even while drifting off to sleep. One minute before the end, he felt a soft tap on his arm and heard a few English words from an interpreter. The President awoke with a chuckle in time to join the applause. The wake-up call had come from Gorbachev.

Winfield hits for the KGB. U.S. and Soviet antidrug agencies have joined forces to stop the smugglers who can outwit even a police state. To attack their own domestic demand, the Soviets asked Drug Enforcement Administration Chief John Lawn about his "Sports Awareness" campaign. Lawn sent Moscow a video narrated by the New York Yankees' Dave Winfield, with a Russian-language voice-over.

Quote of the week. "To grasp and hold a vision, to fix it in your senses, that is the very essence. I believe, of successful leadership."
—Reagan speaking to Soviet artists, paraphrasing Filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein.

BETWEEN THE LINES

Toasts are the lingua franca of diplomacy. But as with modern poetry and legal jargon, toasts demand interpretation. For example:



What They Said

Gorbachev: "As we see it... habitual stereotypes stemming from enemy images have been shaken loose."

Reagan: "Mr. General Secretary, we know that on matters of great importance we will continue to differ profoundly."

Gorbachev: "Our dialogue... has, however, so far been moving much more slowly than is required by the real situation."

Reagan: "The monks of Danilov, the dissidents and refuseniks... the students and young people have shown once again that spiritual values are cherished in this nation."

Gorbachev: "Let me just add that seeking to resolve differences should not mean an end to being different."

Reagan: "Our time here has allowed us to know, if only briefly, your art treasures and your people."

What They Meant

At last you've abandoned that "evil empire" stuff.

I'm not giving up Star Wars.

If you don't give up Star Wars, I'll just have to wait for the next President.

I don't care what Marx said, your people still believe in God.

Quit hectoring us about human rights.

Mainly, we came for the sights and the photo ops.

Jesse Jackson's Alter Ego

The California primary puts Willie Brown at center stage

Politics seldom makes stranger bedfellows than Jesse Jackson and his campaign chairman, California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. They are Mr. Outside and Mr. Inside: a true believer with a provocative message advised by a hard-bitten political agnostic for whom election to office has become not a means but an end. While Jackson campaigns as champion of the dispossessed, the deliciously flamboyant Brown drapes himself in \$1,500 Brioni suits, roars around Sacramento in a \$100,000 crimson Ferrari and squires striking women half his age. This extravagant life-style is certainly not financed by his \$37,105 state salary, but rather by the wealthy special interests whose influence Jackson regularly decries.

Whatever the outcome of the California primary between Jackson and Michael Dukakis, Brown will return to the national stage for the first time since the 1972 Democratic Convention. There, during a bitter credentials fight, he won TV celebrity by demanding, "Give me back my delegation!" This year in Atlanta, Brown will bargain for Jackson, pushing the party hard to the left on rules, platform and ticket. "If Jackson's program is not made the hallmark of the Democratic platform," he warns, "the new voters that Jackson brought out in the primaries will not be motivated in November."

Brown, 54, is uniquely qualified for the role of power broker. He has reigned for a record seven years as speaker and self-described ayatollah of the California assembly. He is respected for a quick intelligence, a quicker tongue and long experience in mediating among competing interests. Says Jackson Campaign Manager Gerald Austin: "He's one of those people who can walk into a room full of other strong-willed political people, and everybody knows he's in charge."

Jackson backers credit Brown with lending early prestige to the 1988 campaign, after declining to support it in 1984. This time he signed on only after the hiring of Austin, a respected pro, to bring order to the usual Jackson campaign chaos. Brown helped organize effective fund raising that targeted middle-class blacks and selected business interests, attracting more than \$11 million to the Jackson coffers.

His Midas touch is the source of much of his power. In the 1986 election, he scored up a prodigious \$5 million for his state Democratic allies. This charity be-

gins at home: Brown accepted \$161,000 last year in personal speaking fees, gifts and expenses, much of it from companies with business before the assembly. He also earned about \$100,000 in retainers paid to his law firm, including some by businesses that deal with the state and local governments.

Like Jackson, Brown was born to achieving poverty and prejudice; he grew up in a

reerist. A failed bid for speaker in 1974 badly disillusioned him. "He became quite cynical after that," recalls Morris Bernstein, a San Francisco businessman and longtime Brown supporter. "He began to think that to gain power he would have to give up many of his social concerns."

Refocused, Brown won control of the assembly in 1980, with crucial Republican support. He defined himself as a "member's speaker" who eschewed policy leadership to concentrate on doling out office space, staff, committee seats and, as always, campaign contributions. Assemblywoman Maxine Waters, a close Brown ally, points out that "big money comes in on both sides of most of these issues, so you can't say it affects the speaker's decisions."

Perhaps. But it can prevent the assembly from making any decision. California's most pressing issues—\$1,800 car-insurance premiums, traffic gridlock, school funding—are increasingly debated not in the legislature but in a swarm of ballot initiatives. Los Angeles Councilwoman Gloria Molina, a former assemblywoman and staff deputy to Brown, observes that "Willie is so obsessed with raising money to defend his Democratic majority that he forgets all about the Democratic agenda."

Even so, Brown's Democrats lost three seats in 1986, reducing them to a majority of 44 to 36. Since then, a handful of moderate-to-conservative Democrats dubbed the "Gang of Five" have voted with Republicans to pass bills over Brown's protest, providing capital punishment for child murderers, AIDS tests for prostitutes and wiretaps for suspected drug dealers. The gang considers Brown too autocratic and too liberal, but has been unable to unseat him because he maintains support from key Republicans.

Brown is not without legislative accomplishments. He's particularly proud of bills mandating the use of seat belts and the testing of schoolchildren for physical or mental infirmities.

Friends wonder whether Brown is tiring of his feud with the Gang of Five, and with the assembly generally. He insists he is not. But Old Ally Bernstein thinks Brown would like to parlay the Jackson alliance into some national role, "maybe be the black Bob Strauss" (the Washington lawyer-lobbyist and elder statesman). Another California associate thinks Brown's ambition is simpler: "Willie painfully remembers the Democratic Convention four years ago in San Francisco—his hometown—when he wandered around the back of the hall without a role. He's determined that that will not happen this time in Atlanta."

—By Dan Goodgame/
Sacramento



The assembly speaker strikes a pose in the State Capitol
Up from poverty to a crimson Ferrari and \$1,500 suits.

one-room shack in tiny Mineola, Texas, east of Dallas. He recalls shining white men's shoes, then fishing the quarter tips from a spittoon. After high school, he fled to San Francisco, worked his way through college and law school and into local politics. Elected to the state assembly in 1964, he became known as a radical who applauded the Watts riots and demanded more state spending for the poor. But he also developed a reputation for mastery of legislative rules and budget arcana. Brown sometimes crossed the legendary speaker Jess Unruh, who nonetheless knew talent when he saw it. After an early speech by Brown, Unruh muttered, "It's a good thing you aren't white." Why? Brown asked. "Because you'd own the place," Unruh replied.

Brown eventually did, but not until he had shifted from radical to liberal to ca-

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Not on This Hallowed Ground

A new battle of Manassas: history buffs vs. a shopping mall

In the rolling Virginia countryside some 30 miles from Washington, Confederate troops bloodied Union armies twice in the Civil War battles of Manassas. Now Manassas is up in arms again, this time over a 20th century invader: a 1.2 million-sq.-ft. shopping center that is being bulldozed on a site that served as Robert E. Lee's headquarters in 1862. "Greed is fighting a battle with our heritage," charges Annie Snyder, leader of the Save the Battlefield Coalition, a group struggling to protect the 540 acres adjacent to Manassas National Battlefield Park. "Developers want to pave over ground where brave men are buried."

The latest battle of Manassas began in earnest last January when Hazel Peterson Co., the largest land developers in northern Virginia, joined Edward DeBartolo, the nation's biggest shopping-center developer, to propose the mall, complete with new highway intersections, commuter parking lots and high-rise office buildings. Down came a barrage of hostile fire from outraged Civil War buffs, including Actor Charlton Heston and former White House spokesman Jody Powell, a descendant of nine Manassas veterans. Ground where 4,200 soldiers gave their lives, say the preservationists, should not be overwhelmed by noise, traffic and pollution from up to 85,000 mall-bound cars a day.



Annie Snyder in combat dress at the Manassas National Park

The area in contention, known as Stuart's Hill, is adjacent to the park along the Warrenton Turnpike, which cuts through the heart of the battlefield. At the second battle of Manassas in 1862, the hill served as the staging ground for General James Longstreet's counterattack, which led to a Confederate victory.

Developers and spokesmen for the local government claim that the site is "historically insignificant." The location of the actual fighting, they point out, is well preserved within the national park, and a Hazel Peterson spokesman insists that

the mall architects have gone to great lengths to make sure most of the buildings will not be seen by tourists. Moreover, while historians estimate that 155 men died on or near the hill, a survey of the mall property uncovered only the grave of a dog.

Congress and a growing number of slow-growth rebels have joined the preservationists. "What price are we willing to put on our heritage?" asks Congressman Robert Mrazek, a New York Democrat whose office walls are lined with photographs of Civil War generals. "You can't hallow the sacrifice of those soldiers who died fighting for freedom with a Burger King or a Bloomingdale's." Mrazek and Texas Democrat Michael Andrews have introduced legislation authorizing the Federal Government to seize Stuart's Hill from the developers, at a cost of \$35 million or more.

While Mrazek and 200 allies on Capitol Hill hope to bring the bill to a vote next month, Annie Snyder and her supporters are sniping from the grass-roots level. "We have Save the Battlefield battalions forming across the U.S.," she says. "Schoolchildren and veterans are writing and sending money." A former Marine officer, Snyder, 66, is a veteran of Manassas campaigns. In 1973 she fought to stop an amusement park planned for the same spot. For that victory, this Yankee from Pittsburgh was awarded the Jefferson Davis medal by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

—By Jerome Cramer/

Washington

It's Our Money

Voters want a say in spending

Thirsty West Virginians who plunk quarters into soda machines help finance a state medical school. Cigarette smokers in Washington State cough up \$31.7 million a year to clean Puget Sound, while home buyers in Maryland pay transfer fees that help buy new parklands. This practice of earmarking taxes for specific government functions is growing steadily: at least 18 states have adopted targeted taxes since mid-1984, and dozens more such levies—for schools, police, roads, drug-abuse treatment—are pending in states from California to Michigan.

The fresh popularity of earmarking shows that much has changed, and much has not, since ten years ago this week, when Californians endorsed the tax-slashing Proposition 13 and triggered a national tax revolt. Pollster Mervin Field has found that while opinion still runs against any general tax increase, 7 out of 10 Californians would support higher taxes for specific programs—even efforts for the homeless. South Dakota's former Republican Governor William Janklow, a

populist proponent of earmarking, explains, "People know that if they just trust the money to government, it's going to suck it up like an amoeba, leaving them nothing to show for it. So now people are saying, 'It's our money, and we'll tell you what we're willing to pay for.'"

Many economists dislike earmarked taxes because they make public budgets less responsive as funding needs change. Another pitfall vexes Steven Gold, a tax expert at Denver's National Conference of State Legislatures: "Voters are sometimes misled when they support earmarking, because new revenue sometimes just

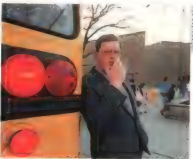
offsets money the state was already spending." Nearly \$500 million annual earnings from California's lottery are designated for public schools. Yet the schools' share of the state's budget has fallen by \$443 million. That general-fund money not spent on schools is available for politicians to spend (or squander) on larger staffs, salaries or pet projects.

The major effect of earmarking is not financial but political: it builds constituencies who help sell new taxes and programs. In New Jersey, voters rejected casino gambling in 1974 but approved it two years later when it was limited to Atlantic City and when its tax revenues were pledged to help the disabled and senior citizens.

The appeal of earmarking has attracted interest even from private developers. In Los Angeles the Occidental Petroleum Corp. has sponsored a ballot initiative to allow it to drill for oil near fashionable Pacific Palisades. The proposal ups local homeowners, but Occidental has plans to offset their votes: the oil company pledges to pay taxes estimated to exceed \$60 million a year for the police, \$40 million for city hall and \$25 million for the schools. All earmarked, of course.

—By Dan Goodgame/

Los Angeles



Janklow: we'll tell you what we will pay for

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The Roemer Revolution

Louisiana's strange new prospects: fiscal prudence and honesty

From fire-breathing Huey Long to high-living Edwin Edwards, Louisiana's populist Governors have almost always pushed at the boundaries of executive power. The latest to occupy the mansion, Democrat Charles ("Buddy") Roemer, has quickly stretched those boundaries to all but a breaking point. Since he took over from Edwards in March, the scrawny Harvard-educated chief executive has extracted from the legislature budgetary and political power rivaling that once held by the dictatorial Kingfish. "I'm the most powerful Governor in America," exults the pragmatic populist as he flashes a baby-faced smile.

Unlike his predecessors, Roemer is using his new clout to dismantle the pattern of extravagant patronage and spending programs that made Louisiana seem as profligate as a Cajun on an old-time oil-patch payday. The Roemer Revolution is a drastic effort to restore solvency to a state that is, in Treasurer Mary Landrieu's words, "flat broke." In fact, it is worse than broke: it faces a deficit of \$1.3 billion. Roemer proposes to reduce the state's historic dependence on oil and energy revenues. Already, the tax-shy legislature has earmarked a 1c sales-tax increase, and may consider changing the sacred "homestead exemption," which keeps property taxes low.

Although he is a diabetic who gives himself a shot of insulin twice a day, Roemer has been working 14-hour days seven days a week. He is trying to abolish

100 of the state's 415 boards and commissions while cutting 16,000 people from the state's 75,000-person payroll over four years. He is pressing for tighter environmental laws and increased spending for education, including a 5% pay raise for teachers.

Besides better fiscal management, Roemer is offering something else that



The Governor checks the status of his rescue operation

Louisiana is not used to: relentless honesty in government. He has created his own muckraking department, hiring veteran *Times-Picayune* Investigative Reporter Bill Lynch to serve as Louisiana's first inspector general. Lynch received enough reports of improprieties to prompt the Governor to replace all members of both the racing and the real estate commissions. Says Lynch, who is expanding his staff from twelve to 35: "If

I had known as a reporter what I learned my first three days here, I could have won five Pulitzer Prizes." Louisiana residents are encouraged to use a complaint hot line to phone in tips about waste or fraud in government—and so far, hundreds have called in.

Roemer has hardly escaped criticism. Labor and education leaders alike call him unapproachable. He has irritated teachers by suggesting that they face periodic competency reviews and surrender their system of lifelong tenure. Proposed cuts of \$50 million in the state's much admired charity hospital system have caused anxiety and protest in some localities.

Roemer has had his own moments of embarrassment—as when he was caught appointing the son of a key state senator custodian of notarial records in New Orleans, a part-time sinecure that paid its last beneficiary \$105,000. Well, said the Governor when asked about this venture in old-fashioned patronage, he would move to do away with that cushy job. Ed Hardin, president of Louisiana's Common Cause, feels Roemer is much too autocratic and tends to act without enough research. Says Hardin: "He's assembled power that makes Huey Long look like a piker."

In what everyone recognizes as his honeymoon period, Roemer is unapologetic about either his methods or his goals. "I was elected to fight the political establishment," he says. He is as optimistic about his prospects as he is realistic about the size of his task. "I feel like I'm taking a company through Chapter 11," Roemer says. "Louisiana is going to be open for business again under new management."

—By Frank Trippett
Reported by Richard Woodbury/Baton Rouge

Bon Temps Minority

Their 18th century exodus from Nova Scotia was immortalized in the overwrought poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Now their cuisine has become democratized into a culinary cliché as even fast-food restaurants offer ersatz renditions of jambalaya and gumbo. Yes, the Cajuns have shouldered their share of suffering. But are these injustices enough to transform the 250,000 descendants of the original Acadian settlers in Louisiana into a minority group eligible for state affirmative-action programs designed for blacks?

Almost no one took the cause very seriously when Louisiana State Representative Raymond ("La La") Lalonde introduced his bill to allow Cajuns to qualify for minority-set-aside contracts awarded by the state. Amid the bread-and-circuses atmosphere of Louisiana politics, Lalonde's crusade to "enhance the

status of the French Acadian people" was seen as a bit of harmless posturing for his constituents. But then the Cajun legislators flexed their political muscle, and the bill sailed through the state house by a vote of 74 to 22, despite the bitter opposition of black legislators. "This is not only facetious but borders on the ludicrous," exclaimed State Representative Avery Alexander. Attempting to derail the bill, Alexander offered a facetious amendment of his own, designating Irish Americans as another minority group. But ridicule can be a dangerous weapon in the Louisiana legislature: the Irish-power amendment almost passed.

Buried beneath this ethnic jousting is a serious issue. Over the years, affirmative-action programs have become diluted as more and more groups have been awarded minority status. If the Lalonde bill makes it through the state senate and is signed into law, roughly half of Louisiana's 4 million residents will belong to officially designated minority groups.



Cajun affirmative action?

American Notes



PENNSYLVANIA Bresnahan with his retired jersey



POLITICS Running again



NEW YORK CITY Guarding a Bronx school

POLITICS

Protecting His Losing Streak

Eugene McCarthy has not won an elective office since Minnesota returned him to the U.S. Senate in 1964. He has lost two campaigns for the White House as a Democrat and one as an independent. Last week the Pied Piper of the 1968 antiwar crusade announced plans to extend his losing streak: at 72, he will run again as the presidential candidate of the little-known Philadelphia-based Consumer Party, which has never won an election.

Why the quixotic move? "Oh, the same reasons people always give when they run," he explained in typically laudatory fashion. "The proper issues aren't being presented; the people deserve a better choice." McCarthy has a book of essays due in August (*Required Reading* for 1988) and a campaign might help sales.

SEATTLE

P.S. from a Mass Murderer

The few assorted bones and a skull discovered by posthole diggers south of Seattle last week turned out to be those of Debra Estes, a teenage runaway who had been missing since 1982. Police said she was yet another victim of the so-

called Green River Killer, bringing his grisly toll to 40 young women.

Authorities still have no promising leads to the identity of the serial murderer who attacked mostly prostitutes and runaways. Their disappearances were sometimes not reported until years after they were killed. The lag time has frustrated investigators, who have spent \$13 million in pursuit of the slayer since the first victim was found along the Green River near Seattle in 1982. Police cling to one consoling fact: they have found no victims murdered after 1984. Since such killers rarely quit, police hope this one is either dead or already in prison.

PENNSYLVANIA

This Spud's For You

Legendary athletes are honored when their number is retired with them. Just ask Dave ("Spuds") Bresnahan, the never-to-be-forgotten second-string catcher for the Williamsport (Pa.) Bills, a class AA team. His immortal feat on the diamond last year prompted 2,700 of his fans to gather at Bowman Field last week to pay him a belated tribute and to paint his number, 59, on the outfield fence.

With his hapless team 27 games out of first place and losing as usual, Bresnahan had fired an errant pick-off throw

over the third baseman's head. As the runner came home, Dave triumphantly tagged him out; he had held onto the ball while tossing an Idaho potato carved to look like a baseball. Unamused, the umpire ruled that the run had scored. Dave's angry manager got him kicked off the team. Last week Bresnahan, now a real estate salesman, was vindicated. "Gehrig had to hit 340 and play in more than 2,000 consecutive games to get his number retired," he boasted. "All I had to do is hit less than 150 and throw a potato."

LOS ANGELES

All-Night Classes

The 1.4 million adult aliens who sought amnesty under the program that ended last month now face a new hurdle: to remain in the U.S., they must pass tests in history and basic English. Since many are illiterate in their own language, this is no small obstacle. The Immigration and Naturalization Service has been slow to detail the requirements or offer textbooks, but Los Angeles, with 745,000 applicants, has jumped into the breach. The city has enrolled 30,000 adults, a number expected to reach 200,000 by July.

The crush has created a new educational wrinkle: round-the-clock classes. To accommodate immigrants work-

ing long shifts, one community school has added classes from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. and from 2 a.m. to 6 a.m. "I only get about two hours sleep," says wee-hour Student Jorge Chacon, who left El Salvador in 1974. "But I need to learn English."

NEW YORK CITY

Schools for Hard Knocks

Teachers expect certain challenges when they sign on in New York City schools, but contending with knife-wielding assailants is not among them. A teacher in the Bronx was stabbed more than a dozen times by a mugger in an elementary school bathroom last month; another was savagely beaten with a bat after confronting a playground intruder; a third was badly injured by a powerful firecracker thrown into her classroom; a fourth was slugged by a student who objected to being asked to put out his cigarette.

City and school authorities reacted last week with stiff security measures: ID cards for students; metal detectors at building entrances and classrooms equipped with silent alarms. But controversy flared over one provision: students who attack teachers will be expelled. Although the schools' dropout rate is about 37%, state law guarantees even thugs an education until they are 16.



Ketziot, known to prisoners as Ansar 3: an Israeli soldier stands watch over the sprawling encampment, where 2,483 men and boys are jailed

World

ISRAEL

Behind Barbed Wire

Thousands of Palestinians detained in the desert swelter and endure

The prisoners call it Ansar 3, after the lockup in Lebanon where Israeli held Palestinian guerrillas captured during the 1982 invasion. Like the original, Ansar 3, deep in the Negev Desert, is something of a prisoner-of-war camp, this time for veterans of the *intifadeh* (uprising), the sticks-and-stones insurrection against Israeli occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, a rebellion that began last December and still sputters on. Most of the 2,483 men and boys detained at the Negev camp are in effect political prisoners, held without charge, trial or sentence. They make up half of the nearly 5,000 Palestinians jailed in connection with the *intifadeh* at nearly a dozen facilities in Israel and the occupied territories.

The number of detainees may keep swelling. Late last week Palestinian leaders called a three-day strike in the occupied territories that shut down virtually all business activity in the West Bank and

Gaza. A young Arab was killed by Israeli gunfire and seven others were injured. As authorities broke up a series of West Bank demonstrations, Days earlier, Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin had held a clandestine meeting with four Arab leaders from the Gaza Strip as part of his campaign to develop a dialogue with a budding local leadership. The idea, he said, was to "get a sense of what should be done now that the violence has calmed down."

But in its bid to quell the rebellion, Israel has resorted to a system of secret justice for alleged Palestinian activists, with little recourse for appeal. The cases carry a numbing similarity. Around midnight on Feb. 1, for example, there was a knock at the door of Ezzidine al Aryan's home in the West Bank city of Ramallah. The pharmacist and head of the city's Red Crescent (Arab Red Cross) was at prayer. Aryan, 51, was taken to Jneid prison, where he languished in a cell for nearly

three months. One day a judge handed down an order for six months of "administrative detention," based on charges contained in a file marked SECRET. On May 4, Aryan was transferred to the Negev camp, known officially as Ketziot. Like most Ansar prisoners, Aryan is presumed to be an activist and a security threat.

Today Aryan is among 28 men who spend searing days and chilly nights in a tent at one of four 200-man compounds in Ansar's Camp B, which constitutes one-third of a canvas village that sprang up on the desert plain three miles from the border with Egypt. By day the men loll on wooden pallets that are cushioned by a layer of foam and a rough gray blanket. At night prisoners are required to retire to their tents, close down the side flaps of their dwellings by 9 p.m. and not come out until reveille at 5:30 the next morning.

Conditions are harsh but not inhu-



"Everything is done to break our spirit," complains a detainee: conditions are not inhumane, but troublemaking can lead to days in solitary

mane. There is enough water for drinking, occasional showers and laundering each prisoner's army-issue shirt and pants. Everyone receives one bar of soap a month. The food is army rations—filling but hardly appetizing. The primitive latrines reek; rats, scorpions and mosquitoes are ever on the prowl.

Beatings and other varieties of brutality are rare. Minor infractions of camp rules may be punished with an hour "in the corner"—kneeling in the dirt, hands behind the back, forehead to the ground—while more serious troublemaking can earn a stay in solitary of two to four days. Three times daily the prisoners are mustered outside their tents, hands behind their backs, heads down, to count off. Dr. Abdul Aziz Rantisi, once a pediatrician from Khan Yunis and now an administrative detainee at Ansar, is known as No. 561. Says he: "Our hearts are bleeding, and we prefer to die rather than do this."

"Everything is done to break our spirit," says Mutawakel Taha, 30, a journalist from Khalikilya. "We are completely isolated from everyone," says Raji Saalim, 28, who used to live in the Jabalia refugee camp in Gaza. Newspapers are rare at Ansar 3, books—except the Qur'an—and radios are unavailable. Few of the prisoners at Ansar 3 have seen any relatives, not even those who are detained in another section of the camp. The army responds that family visits to the prison have been prevented by

"activist Palestinians," who intimidate relatives. The families complain about the cost, the long distance they must travel and formidable amounts of red tape.

For their part, Israeli military officials insist conditions are no worse in detention than in Israeli military camps. They defend regulations as necessary for "security" and argue they are providing more privileges for those in detention than convicted criminals normally receive.

Before the uprising, some 5,000 Palestinians were confined in Israeli jails, but only a relative handful were under "administrative detention," the imprisoning of security offenders for six months without trial. In March the army abolished a requirement for judicial review of detention orders; appeals were reinstituted only two weeks ago. As of now, well over a

third of the 5,000 people jailed for involvement in the *intifadeh* have not been charged or tried. The detained population includes doctors, lawyers, labor leaders, students, human-rights activists, close to 30 journalists, as well as hundreds of suspected members of the outlawed Palestine Liberation Organization and the growing Islamic fundamentalist movement.

Justice is almost as harsh for Israelis accused of supporting the *intifadeh*. Last February the authorities closed down the tiny left-wing newspaper *Derech Hanitzotz* (Way of the Spark), which was known for its pro-Arab views. Eventually all six of the paper's editorial staffers—five Jews and one Arab—were arrested. Israel accused two of the publication's female editors of membership in the illegal Democratic Front for the Liberation of

Palestine. Remanded for trial, the journalists have been held without bail in a women's prison, where inmates last week violently assaulted them.

Few of the Ansar 3 prisoners who managed to appeal their detention orders have won release. The brief appeals hearings before a three-man military tribunal generally amount to little more than ritual. And so the prisoners will continue to languish in their tents, with little to do but discuss politics. Detention, says Inmate No. 1,231, Kassan Ali, 29, of Gaza, "only strengthens our demand for national rights. Conditions here create more hatred."

—By Johanna McGarry/Ketzio



Khaki justice: a military tribunal once again hears appeals

Most of those at the camp have never been charged or tried.

EL SALVADOR

Stricken President, Ailing Country

Duarte has cancer—and the U.S. faces the possibility of another policy failure

"I have been a man of crisis, a man of battle, a fighting man. Now God has given me this one test more." With those words, a tearful José Napoleón Duarte bade farewell to friends, boarded a U.S. military transport and lifted off last week from San Salvador's Ilopango air force base. Seven hours later, the President of El Salvador checked into Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington to face his latest—and most daunting—challenge. Before leaving El Salvador, he had announced, "I have a bleeding ulcer in the stomach of a malignant character." Medical tests conducted at Walter Reed found that Duarte, 62, is suffering from stomach cancer that appears to have spread to his liver. "I'm going to fight," Duarte vowed. "God willing, I'll come out all right."

Duarte's farewell at Ilopango had a sad dignity, but could not disguise the fact that he departed a defeated man. In 1984 the stocky Christian Democrat rode to the presidency on a wave of popular enthusiasm for two of his electoral promises: to bring El Salvador's civil war to an end and to usher in an era of stability. That hope has long since given way to military stalemate, political confusion, social despair and pervasive corruption. When he took office, Duarte was touted by the Reagan Administration as the man who would bring democracy to El Salvador. But Duarte's populist concern with reform soon buckled under the frustrations of managing an intractable war. "It might not be his fault that there still is no peace," says fellow Christian Democrat Eduardo Molina Olivares, "but people blame him."

In fact, Duarte has had a hand in turning White House policy in El Salvador—considered the Administration's sole success story in Central America—into another potential failure, alongside Panama and Nicaragua. U.S. embassy officials in San Salvador continue to insist that Duarte is making slow progress toward ending the war and establishing a democratic system, but other Western diplomats are more pessimistic. "Things

are a shambles," says a West European envoy. "The Americans are in for a shock." Even State Department officials concede that the rosy analysis emanating from the U.S. embassy is "dreamwork."

Duarte's departure is expected to deepen El Salvador's sense of political drift. Vice President Rodolfo Castillo Claramount, who is standing in for Duarte, lacks the charisma and the power

dential elections scheduled for next March. Three months ago, in local balloting that amounted to a referendum on Duarte's performance, the party was trounced by the deeply conservative Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA), which gained control of the 60-seat Assembly and won 13 of 14 mayoral races. In San Salvador, the capital, Duarte's son Alejandro was defeated in his bid for the mayor's office.

Since then, the Christian Democrats have splintered over who should inherit the leadership. Duarte tried to unite the party behind a trusted adviser, Abraham Rodríguez, but found no echo, instead a divided rank and file lined up behind two former Cabinet ministers, Julio Adolfo Rey Prendes and Fidel Chávez Mena. Rey Prendes is favored to receive the presidential nomination, but his candidacy will be tarnished by corruption charges that have dogged the Duarte administration.

ARENA, by contrast, has thrown its support behind Alfredo Cristiani, 42, the U.S.-educated scion of a wealthy coffee-growing family. A poll released last week by the University of Central America indicated that, as of now, Cristiani would defeat any other presidential candidate by at least 10 percentage points. That would amount to a repudiation of the Duarte record on at least two counts: Cristiani has

said that he would return to private hands export industries run by the Duarte administration as state enterprises, and that he would roll back a land-reform program that turned El Salvador's largest estates into farm cooperatives.

Cristiani has also called for the 56,000-strong military to have a freer hand in defeating the guerrillas of the leftist Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front, who currently number about 6,000. Some Salvadorans fear such a strategy would mean ignoring a sizable increase in death-squad activities and other human-rights abuses. ARENA Founder Roberto d'Aubuisson, a former army major who ran against Duarte in the 1984 elections and has since yielded his party's leadership to Cristiani, has been linked by U.S.



Defeated man: before his departure, a tearful Duarte embraces a well-wisher. Populist concern buckled under the frustrations of intractable war.

to stem a slow disintegration. Recent attacks by leftist guerrillas on hydroelectric dams, bridges and power stations have stepped up the eight-year-old civil war, which has claimed some 70,000 lives. The increase in military activity guarantees further erosion in an economy that is afflicted with a 26% inflation rate and cannot provide adequate jobs for half the work force. Right-wing death squads have returned, undermining Duarte's curtailment of political murders and other human-rights abuses.

Even if his health had not failed, the President would have faced rapidly escalating political problems. Under the constitution, he cannot run for consecutive five-year terms. His Christian Democratic Party is likely to be rejected in presi-

intelligence to the killer squads that ran amuck in the early 1980s.

Those shadowy units seem to be expanding their business again. Human-rights groups estimate that death-squad activity—the kidnapping and killing by unidentified gunmen of civilians suspected of leftist sympathies—has trebled since last year. One rights group, Tutela Legal, identified 24 undisputed death-squad killings in all of 1987; this year's toll stood at 21 by the end of April. (By comparison, Tutela counted 29 executions of civilians by the guerrillas in 1987, vs. 17 so far this year.) Most Salvadorans believe the upsurge in right-wing terrorism is the work of military men frustrated by their inability to put down the guerrillas in the field.

In Washington the rising death toll and the prospect of an ARENA presidency have revived congressional unease over military and economic support for El Salvador, which costs the U.S. more than \$1 million daily. Some legislators wonder whether Duarte could have done more to

bring the military under civilian control: only two death-squad cases have been successfully prosecuted during his presidency, and both involved American victims. "We should have leaned on Duarte," says Republican Congressman Robert Dornan, a California conservative who serves on the House subcommittee on Western Hemisphere affairs. "We should have used a little of the public hot white light to embarrass some of these people." Even so, Dornan credits Duarte with making some progress toward democracy and blames the guerrillas for thwarting his agenda.

Others in Washington are less generous. They charge that Duarte made little progress on land reform, failed to meet his overall economic goals and refused to stand up to the military. One congressional source says that after the U.S. spent \$3 billion over eight years to strengthen and foster democracy in El Salvador, "now it looks like we're going

back to the good old days prior to all the money." Observes another congressional source: "One of the real frauds the Administration has perpetrated on Congress and the American people is the idea that the election of Duarte somehow turned El Salvador overnight from a military government to a democratic one."

Whatever the Administration's views about Duarte and the threat of Communist insurgency in El Salvador, the message has yet to reach most Americans. In a poll released last week by Market Opinion Research, a Republican-oriented firm based in Detroit, 33% of respondents said that they had no idea what kind of government ran El Salvador, 35% thought it was a pro-Soviet regime, a mere 15% that it was democratic. For both the Reagan Administration and the ailing Salvadoran President at Walter Reed, the findings must have come as a profoundly dispiriting assessment of the past four years.

—By Jill Smolowe,
Reported by Ted Gup/Washington and John
Moody/San Salvador

SOUTH AFRICA

Kicking Up a Seaside Sandstorm

The Botha government takes a hard line on whites-only beaches

As the first chill of winter swept across South Africa last week, a few white families braved the weather to relax on King's Beach, a strip along the Indian Ocean in the eastern Cape city of Port Elizabeth. Parents reclined under striped umbrellas as black maids took the children to play in the waves. Not far away, a colored (mixed race) man, his wife and two small children enjoyed a picnic on the sand. For a brief time last month, such racially mixed scenes were countenanced by law at Port Elizabeth, after the state Supreme Court struck down local city ordinances that reserved beaches like King's for whites only. But



Black maids and white children brave the weather on Port Elizabeth's coast

Looking ahead to October, Pretoria shores up its apartheid positions.

as the Pretoria government appealed the decision, apartheid once again ruled the seashore; thus last week's black and colored beachgoers were outside the law.

Farther north, in Durban, a leading coastal resort, Mayor Henry Klotz was pondering his status as an outcast from President P.W. Botha's National Party. Last month Klotz balked when party colleagues on the city council reserved two of Durban's best beaches for whites only. The beaches were the scene of confrontations between blacks and whites last summer. After his refusal to endorse the segregation plan, Klotz was suspended for "acting disloyally and contrary to the interests" of the party. Declaring that he was "duty bound to act in the interests of all the citizens,"

the mayor resigned his membership.

At a time when the government holds an estimated 3,000 anti-apartheid activists in detention, seaside segregation represents but a small facet of local life. Nonetheless, government efforts in support of whites-only bathing are generating skepticism about President Botha's proclaimed intentions to reform the political system. Editorialized the Johannesburg *Sunday Star*: "It is almost impossible for the most moderate black, colored and Indian leaders to offer their services in seeking a negotiated constitution when Mr. Botha's men are fighting to keep them and those whom they lead off the beaches, off white land, out of white group areas and the best schools."

The Port Elizabeth court decision

grew out of a 1987 incident in which the Rev. Allan Hendrickse, head of the opposition Labor Party and a member of the Botha Cabinet, took a dip at King's Beach. His action drew a strong rebuke

from President Botha, who threatened to drop him from the Cabinet, dissolve Parliament and call a general election unless Hendrickse apologized. Hendrickse backed down, but two Port Elizabeth city councilors fought the restrictive beach ordinance up to the Supreme Court. The stricture was ruled invalid on a technicality, and Hendrickse announced that he was prepared to test the waters at other whites-only beaches.

The issue has provoked a backlash among white residents on the Natal and eastern Cape coasts. Many are supporting the rightist Conservative Party, which now forms the official opposition in the whites-only legislative

House of Assembly. To buttress their case that segregation must be maintained in traditionally white bathing areas, the Conservatives point to "uncivilized" behavior by blacks, including topless bathing by black women, a practice that is anathema to many whites.

There is little doubt that last summer's clashes on Durban beaches helped the Conservatives win three parliamentary by-elections in the Transvaal in March. That in turn explains the Botha government's combative attitude—part of a competition for white votes that will intensify prior to countrywide local elections slated for October. Coincidentally that is when South Africa moves into summer, and the beaches are packed with humanity.

—By Peter Hawthorne/Durban

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World Notes



MICHAEL OSA



FRANCE Gendarmes escort a handcuffed separatist in New Caledonia

CHINA A finalist rehearses for her tea party

PAKISTAN

Hello! You're Fired!

Prime Minister Mohammed Khan Junejo may have expected a warm welcome home last week as he returned from a Far Eastern tour. Instead, he abruptly learned that he had been dismissed by President Zia ul-haq, who also sacked Junejo's 33-member Cabinet and dissolved the 237-seat National Assembly.

Zia justified his actions by charging that Junejo had allowed the spread of crime and had failed to promote adherence to Islamic law. Few Pakistanis accepted that explanation. The real reason appeared to be Junejo's efforts to exert civilian control over the armed forces. Zia promised that parliamentary elections would be held within 90 days. Opposition Leader Benazir Bhutto—daughter of Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, whom Zia permitted to be hanged in 1979—declared that her Pakistan People's Party was "ready to go to the people."

CHINA

Of Hard-Liners And Beauty

The pageant was slated to be the city of Beijing's first beauty contest since the 1949 revolution, and students, dancers,

even nurses from the People's Liberation Army rushed to sign up as contestants. Communist Party hard-liners, however, apparently felt that bourgeois tendencies were getting out of hand. Television coverage of the event was canceled. Instead, 40 quarter-finalists assembled last week before a sprinkling of spectators in an austere union hall for what was dubbed a tea party. Rather than choose a single Miss Beijing, the pageant organizers honored twelve "outstanding contestants who left a relatively deep impression." Several were chosen for their "inner beauty" rather than their physical attributes.

IRAN

Blast from The Past

As the leader of the only opposition party tolerated in Iran, former Prime Minister Mehdi Bazargan is one of a handful of political figures allowed to voice mild criticism in public of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. Bazargan has usually exercised the privilege with restraint. But last week Iranian exiles in Paris distributed copies of an open letter to Khomeini, said to have been written by Bazargan, in which the Ayatollah was accused of having created a "despotism worthy of the pharaohs."

The letter charged that Khomeini stooped to "collabo-

ration" with Israel in order to secure U.S. weapons, sponsored terrorists who have "filled the entire world with hatred against our country" and led Iran to the "verge of bankruptcy." In the unkindest cut, the missive laid the blame for recent setbacks in the eight-year-old war with Iraq at Khomeini's feet and begged him to "stop trafficking in the blood of our martyrs."

CUBA

Welcome to The Pen

The Reagan Administration has long been trying to brand Fidel Castro a violator of human rights. But Cuba denies U.S. charges that it holds several thousand political prisoners and that some are being kept in dungeon-like jails and have been tortured. Last week a five-member panel from the International Committee of the Red Cross began a month-long inspection tour of 15 prisons, the first time the organization has been given permission to make such an investigation. The group's first stop was the Boniato jail, where the investigators reportedly found no *plantados*, the counter-revolutionaries who allegedly have come in for harsh treatment because they refuse rehabilitation.

Castro may have decided to permit the ICRC inspection for good reason. Last month

Cuba was elected to serve on the United Nations Human Rights Commission, and one of the panel's teams is to visit the island in August.

FRANCE

First Heroism, Now Homicide?

The daring May 5 rescue of 22 gendarmes and a magistrate held hostage in a jungle cave by New Caledonia separatists was at first hailed as a brilliant coup for French security forces. Then came a dramatic reversal. Last week Defense Minister Jean-Pierre Chevènement, a Socialist, announced he had launched an investigation of charges that soldiers involved in the rescue operation had murdered two hostage takers and failed to provide medical care to a third, who later died of his wounds. All 23 hostages came through the ordeal unscathed.

The minister's announcement came in the midst of campaigning for the first round of two-round legislative elections in France and triggered instant counterattacks from conservatives. "I find it absolutely lamentable that they want to use the army as a scapegoat," said Jacques Toubon, secretary-general of the Rassemblement pour la République, headed by former Premier Jacques Chirac, who authorized the rescue operation before he left office in early May.

Environment

Invaders on the Black River

In U.S. wilderness areas, roaring ATVs are shattering the peace

Villages on Missouri's Black River like Lesterville and Centerville used to be oases of tranquility, the destination of weekend canoeists, tube floaters and fishermen. No longer. All too often the solitude of the Ozarks wilderness is shattered these days by the whine and rumble of powerful engines. The river's banks are littered with mountains of discarded beer cans, used Pampers and empty motor-oil cans. A steady stream of pickup trucks

river: the new law requires riders to have a landowner's permission to ride the river. The catch is that much of the Black River is still unposted, and the law has failed to halt the nightmare. "These things destroy the ecology of the river," says Larry Koeler, a Centerville lawyer, of the ATVs. "Some drivers drain their crankcases in the water. And if you're running a machine with oil and gas through the water, some of that gets in the river."

iff Gary Barton, he and his two deputies can hardly make a dent in the rampant ATV challenge. On Memorial Day weekend they wrote scores of tickets to ATV riders who trespassed on private property or were intoxicated. "Sometimes," says Barton, "it gets pretty hairy. You'll get there, and there will be 20 to 30 people all potted up. My nearest help is 45 minutes away."

The sheriff, who owns three ATVs himself, takes no chances. "I don't equip my patrol car with a regular rifle," he says. "I have an M-16. I leave it in the patrol car where you can see it. You have to make a show of force." Although the state conservation commission sent five agents



Clash of cultures in Missouri: canoeists and nature lovers near Lesterville compete for space with weekend warriors on pollution-spewing ATVs

rolls through village streets hauling trailers loaded with all-terrain vehicles, heading for the river's edge. Locals call it "the Invasion."

On Memorial Day weekend the invaders descended with a vengeance. Each day some 250 ATVs gathered on a stretch of the Black River near Centerville, a wide-open area of gravel bars and shallow water. The weekend warriors jostled at one another with their three- and four-wheel vehicles, running up and down the riverbed with abandon. As some ATV riders sat chugging beer on the bank, cohorts roared past at breakneck speeds, narrowly missing other vehicles. Music blasted from portable radios and car stereos, commingling with the whoops of riders and the growl of unmuffled engines. The air stank of gasoline. Usually clear, the Black River in places ran the crayon green of a sewage ditch as algae were stirred up by the commotion.

For the ATV crowd, it was all just good fun. But for conservationists and others interested in keeping the river pristine, the Invasion is a nightmare. Many had thought a bill passed by the Missouri legislature in April would ban ATVs in the

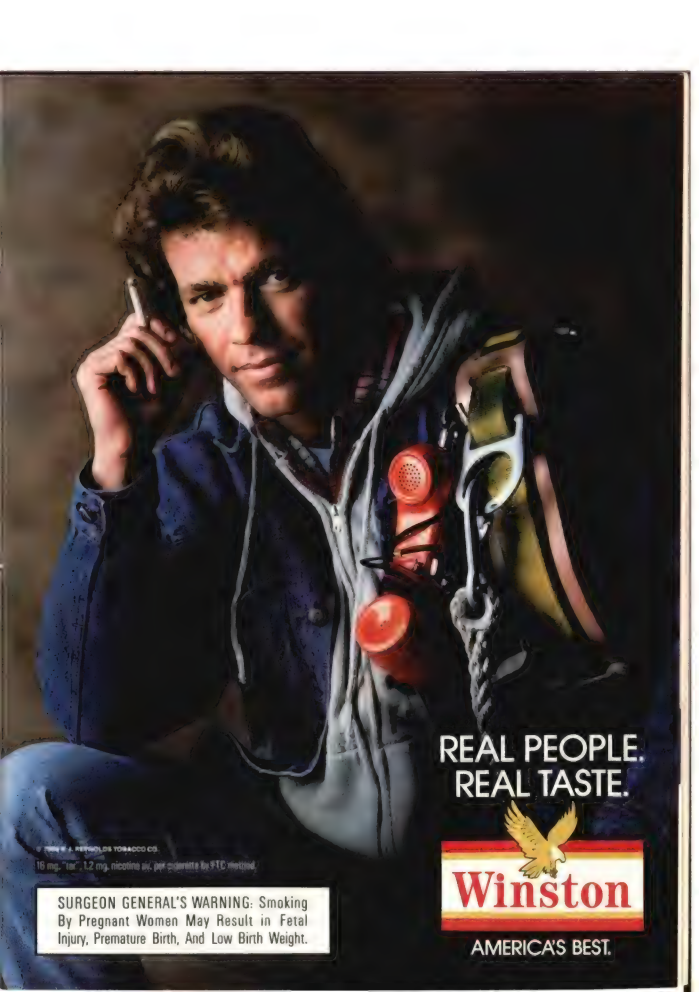
Canoe Guide John Marlin of the nearby Twin Rivers Landing receives up to 16 complaints a day about ATVs. "The problems are from outsiders," he says. "When all those people get together with ATVs, and you combine that with alcohol, you have a real problem." Horror stories abound. Former River Guide Eric Dunn recalls an encounter in which an ATV jostled a canoe and knocked a little boy into the river. The child's father and the ATV driver "went at it for a while," recalls Dunn dryly. "Over three years ago, a young boy tried to run down me and my wife and son," Marlin relates. "The boy splashed us on the first pass. The next time he was going to bump the canoe. I held the paddle like a baseball bat and took a swing. He didn't take the second pass. I've seen these ATVs herd canoes like a dog herds sheep."

Such tales finally forced the Missouri legislature to take this spring's action. But the onslaught of ATVs continues to worry local officials in Reynolds County, where the population of 7,500 increases as much as fivefold on holiday weekends. Even with the new law, says County Sher-

into Reynolds County to help Barton out, it was not enough of a show to make much difference. "The ATVs still go anywhere they want," says Carolyn Hewitt, owner of the Twin Rivers Landing in Lesterville. "Until they bring in the state troopers or the National Guard, it won't do any good."

Rivers are not the only ecosystems involved in the no-holds-barred battle between ATV users and environmentalists. In California some 500,000 acres of public land are open to use by the increasingly popular off-road vehicles. The Ocotillo Wells State Vehicular Recreation Area east of San Diego, for example, draws tens of thousands of visitors. Environmentalists are enraged. Says Bob Hattoy, Southern California director of the Sierra Club: "They have ample room to play, but they feel they have the cowboy's right to ride the range wherever they want, whenever they want and how far they want."

California environmentalists are marshaling their forces against the ATVs. In May the state parks and recreation commission renewed a ban on off-road vehicles in California state parks, except for those areas specifically designated for



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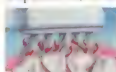
It cleans teeth nearly plaque-free.

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their use. And California conservationists are continuing to push for an even bigger crackdown. Desert legislation proposed by Senator Alan Cranston would create 3 million acres of new national parks, where access would be limited to existing roads, and 4.5 million acres of protected wilderness that would be closed to all motorized vehicles.

In addition, about 28 other states, including Maine and Wisconsin, have laws regulating the vehicles. Several bills now pending in Congress would restrict the sale of ATVs or provide refunds to customers who have purchased the three-wheel versions. Hundreds of product-liability cases and class actions have been brought against manufacturers. James Lacy, general counsel of the Consumer Product Safety Commission, says there have been 998 ATV-related deaths since the beginning of 1982.

The stakes in the battle are high. Sierra Club Director Hattoy charges that the ATVs permanently scar the land, kill wildlife and destroy vegetation, as well as cause noise, safety and pollution problems. Says he: "We recognize their right to use public lands, but no one has the right to chase jackrabbits until their hearts explode, or roar over desert turtles." ATV Enthusiast Buddy Bray sees it differently. "I don't believe riding ATVs destroys the desert," he says. "All you kill is the bushes."

For their part, ATV owners warn that they will fiercely oppose Johnny-come-lately attempts to tamper with their sport. "I spent a lot of money on this thing," says Mike Leutinger of Ironton, Mo., as he stands astride his ATV on the Black River. "Where else can you ride 'em? You can't ride 'em on the highway. You can't ride 'em in the woods. They're closing off the trails. This," says Leutinger, pointing at the churned-up Black River, "is it."

—By B. Russell Leavitt/Centerville.
Reported by Ted Gup/Washington and Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles

Season of Death

A blight hits North Sea seals

Every spring, residents of the tiny Danish island of Anholt, midway between Denmark and Sweden, eagerly await the arrival of the harbor seals that breed on the island's sandy beaches. This year, however, they have been witnesses to a mysterious season of death. So far, more than 150 dead and dying seals and their prematurely born pups have washed



Dying seal washed up on West German beach

ashore: in the past few weeks, Lighthouse Keeper Einar Boisen and others have been picking up as many as 17 dead seals a day. Says Boisen: "We've started calling ourselves the death patrol."

The harvest of corpses has raised fears in countries abutting the North Sea that all the seal pups in the region could be wiped out. The toll to date: at least 450 adults and pups in Denmark and an additional 50 in West Germany, out of a total population of 10,000 to 15,000 in the re-

gion. Many scientists strongly suspect that acute pollution of the North Sea is a major culprit. Says West German Zoologist Günter Heidemann: "The dead seals we've found have shown high concentrations of heavy metals and chlorinated hydrocarbons."

Scientists believe the adult seals' immune systems have been weakened by chemical pollutants in the water, making them susceptible to pneumonia induced by a herpes-type virus. Such ravaging of a seal population is not unprecedented: a flu virus, for example, killed more than 500 harbor seals along the coast of New England from Cape Cod, Mass., to Maine over a period of ten months beginning in December 1979. This time, researchers believe, the deadly virus may have originated in slaughterhouse refuse deposited in open dumps along Sweden's western coast. It may then have been transmitted by sea gulls to the seal breeding grounds offshore.

Every year six tons of chlorinated hydrocarbons, 11,500 tons of heavy metals and 1.5 million tons of nitrogen from fertilizers are deposited in the North Sea by rivers and acid rain. An additional 250,000 tons of liquid chemical waste are dumped annually from West German ships into the sea. In Bonn Environment Minister Klaus Töpper last week refused to link man-made pollutants directly to the seal deaths, but he did admit to a "very serious suspicion" that industrial wastes may have played key roles. Töpper has promised to end offshore dumping by the end of 1989. Environmentalists are calling for an immediate ban.

As if the seal deaths were not bad enough, a sudden bloom of yellow algae is spreading a carpet of death in the region. Believed to be stimulated by fertilizers that wash into the North Sea, the algae are suffocating salmon and trout in fish farms, as well as other marine life along 1,000 miles of coastal Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Milestones

APPEAL REJECTED. For Klaus Barbie, 74, wartime Gestapo chief of Lyons convicted last July for his role in the deportation of French Jews and the execution of Resistance fighters, by France's highest tribunal, the Criminal Chamber of the Appeals Court, in Paris. The unrepentant "Butcher of Lyons," the first person to be tried in France on charges of crimes against humanity, will spend the remainder of his life in Lyons' St. Joseph Prison.

HOSPITALIZED. Kitty Dukakis, 51, wife of Democratic Presidential Aspirant and Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, for surgery to remove two herniated disks in her neck and replace them with bone taken from her hip: in Boston. Left uncorrected, the disks pressing on her spinal cord could have led to paralysis from the shoulders down. Mrs. Dukakis' surgeon said the condition was perhaps caused by the rigors of modern dance,

which she has studied and taught for 30 years.

DIED. Raj Kapoor, 63, Indian cinema actor and director whose sentimental portrayals of Chaplinesque common men won an immense following throughout India, the Soviet Union and the Middle East: of a heart attack following acute asthma: in New Delhi. The 1951 Kapoor film *The Vagabond* achieved such spectacular acclaim in the Soviet Union that prints of it were flown to two Soviet expeditions near the North Pole. Kapoor's deft hand remained evident in his final work, *God, Your Ganges Is Impure* (1985).

DIED. Ernst Ruska, 81, engineer and physicist who shared a belated Nobel Prize for Physics in 1986 for his invention of an electron microscope half a century earlier, in West Berlin. In 1931 Ruska developed an instrument that focused electron

beams on objects too small to be detected by light, thus allowing scientists to observe the behavior of viruses and the details of cell structure, and eventually helping them fabricate the extremely thin wires needed to make computer chips.

DIED. Siaka Stevens, 82, former President of Sierra Leone who changed the West African nation from a multiparty democracy to a one-party state: in Freetown. The one-time leader of the United Mine Workers Union, Stevens assumed power in 1968 after a military coup. During his 17 turbulent years as the head of government, the country's natural wealth from gold, diamonds and bauxite found its way into the pockets of a few, while the country's infrastructure deteriorated and the majority of Sierra Leoneans were reduced to hoarding. In a peaceful transfer of power for an African country, Stevens ceded office to a handicapped successor in 1985.

Economy & Business

Vrooom at the Top

With the zippy new Probe, Ford hopes to keep on accelerating

"Any customer can have a car painted any color that he wants so long as it is black," decreed an entrepreneur named Henry Ford in 1909. Nowadays shoppers browsing through a Ford showroom can choose models in everything from basic blue to racy red, but the founder's favorite color remains popular with the company's executives and shareholders. And with good reason: the profit-and-loss statements of Ford Motor Co. have lately come only in black.

Since 1986, when the firm's annual earnings doubled those of General Motors for the first time in 62 years, Ford has kept its accelerator to the floor. In 1987 it posted an all-time industry high of \$4.6 billion in profits, with sales of \$71.6 billion. In 1988 Ford is already ahead of last year's blistering pace. First-quarter earnings rose by 8.9% from the same period in 1987, to \$1.62 billion, topping the combined profits of GM (\$1.1 billion) and Chrysler (\$184 million). Though 75% of Ford's earnings come from the U.S., it is also doing well around the world. Revenues in Western Europe went up by 25% last year, to \$15.7 billion, and even in Japan, Ford has scored persistent, if modest, sales increases. Looking at the figures, Auto Analyst Ann Knight of Paine Webber observes, "It would be hard to imagine them doing a better job."

Almost everything Ford produces these days seems to fly out of showrooms. The smoothly styled Ford Taurus and Mercury Sable midsize sedans and wagons (nearly 460,000 sold in the U.S. last year at prices starting at about \$11,800) remain among the most popular cars on the road. The revamped Lincoln Continental (\$26,600 and up) is in such demand that some customers must wait as long as five months for delivery. To appease impatient Continental buyers, Ford has started to send them \$20 Cross pen-and-pencil sets along with an apologetic note: one customer returned the gift, expressing a preference for the car. Hottest of all are Ford's trucks: last year more than 550,000 of the F-Series pickups (base price: \$10,176) were sold, putting them ahead of any other truck or car line in the U.S.

Under the innovative leadership of Chairman Donald Petersen, Ford is not simply coasting with its established models. Last month it introduced the Probe, a sporty two-door hatchback that may turn



FROM CLAY TO CHROME

1 In 1983 Ford designers in Dearborn, Mich., create a clay model for a sports car code named SN-8. Dissatisfied with the result, Ford decides to call in Mazda for help on the project.

out to be nearly as successful as the Taurus. For a base price of \$10,459, the Probe offers front-wheel drive, a zippy but economical four-cylinder engine and the sleek, aerodynamic look of a European or Japanese import. That should not be surprising, because Ford designed and developed the Probe in a joint project with Mazda, the Japanese company in which Ford owns a 25% interest. Mazda's plant in Flat Rock, Mich., will be turning out 600 Probes a day by September. All the cars that can be produced through next October have already been sold to dealers. The product seems to be attracting young buyers who have previously leaned toward such imports as the Honda Prelude (\$13,640) or the Toyota Celica (\$11,548). Ford and Mazda are so confident of the Probe's quality and appeal that they plan to export 6,000 of the cars to Japan this year.

Most of Ford's success has come at the expense of the much larger GM, which has been slow to respond to changing consumer tastes. In 1984 GM owned a 46% share of the U.S. passenger-car market, compared with Ford's 19%. At last count, GM had dropped to 37%, while Ford had risen to capture 22% of the \$130 billion-a-year domestic market. Chrysler is chugging along with 12% of U.S. sales, in contrast to 10% in 1984.

The flood of imports—more than 3 million last year—has leveled off because the fall of the dollar against other currencies has made Japanese and European cars much more expensive in the U.S. While the cost of many Japanese models



2 In 1984, at a design studio in Hiroshima, a Ford artist sketches a futuristic version. Eventually a 16-member Ford team, along with Mazda engineers, completes a design closer to the original proposal.

has gone up by 25% or more since 1985. Ford has been able to hold price hikes during the same period to an average of 7% (and only 4% on the smaller cars that compete most aggressively with imports). Still, Japanese imports managed to win 21.3% of the U.S. market last year, up from 18.4% in 1984.

Ford knows that the competition remains formidable and that prosperity in the auto business is never assured. Perhaps the greatest danger to the company's momentum is a slowdown in the U.S. economy. At 5½ years, the current expansion is unusually old, and many economists expect a recession to hit next year. Already, interest rates are on the rise, which could slow auto sales by making it harder for customers to afford car loans.

But if any car company is prepared to weather a downturn, Ford is. The bleak years of 1980 through 1982, when it lost \$3.26 billion, taught the company how devastating a recession can be. Philip

Caldwell, Ford's chairman at the time, was forced to cut costs drastically and boost productivity. When Petersen took over as chairman in 1985, he oversaw an equally relentless slashing of expenses.

As a result, the Ford Motor Co. of 1988 is sleeker and stronger than the bloated Ford of the 1970s. Since 1979, the firm has shut down 15 of some 165 plants worldwide and eliminated 60,000 of 165,000 blue-collar jobs and 20,000 of 73,000 white-collar positions. That enabled it to reduce annual operating costs by \$5 billion, to an estimated \$65 billion in 1987. Over the past few years, the company has amassed cash reserves of \$10 billion, which should make a recession bearable.

Cost cutting, though, was only one part of the recovery plan. Under Petersen, the company has developed a worldwide strategy for prospering in an increasingly competitive business. Ford has always had a major presence overseas, especially in Europe, but its operations around the world often duplicated one another's efforts. A European subsidiary, for exam-

ple, would make cars for its market, while Detroit was building similar vehicles for the U.S. There was remarkably little coordination, specialization or division of labor, even though domestic and foreign vehicles were becoming more alike.

Now Ford has started to operate like a fully integrated global company. It has turned its technical facilities in five countries into what Petersen calls "centers of excellence." Each center is assigned projects that will benefit the company as a whole. Some of the facilities may work on a particular engine, while others may design and engineer common platforms—the suspension and other undercarriage components—for an entire family of autos. Ford of Europe, which has its headquarters in Brentwood, England, has been delegated to develop platforms for all three of Ford's compacts: the Tempo, the Topaz and the European Sierra model. At the same time, a team at Ford headquarters in Dearborn, Mich., is working on platforms for a new generation to replace the midsize Taurus and Sable and the European Scorpio. A Ford design center in Hiroshima is working with Mazda to develop a replacement for the subcompact Escort, while a plant in Melbourne, Australia, is building the two-seater Capri sports car.

One of the savviest parts of Ford's strategy is its alliance with Mazda. Instead of continuing to engineer its own small cars, Ford decided to rely on an acknowledged expert. Each partner brings strengths to the collaboration: in general Ford provides the styling while Mazda supplies engineering and manufacturing

expertise. The first Mazda-engineered Ford, an \$8,500 compact called the Mercury Tracer, appeared in March 1987 and was followed two months later by the two-door Festiva subcompact (\$5,900). Last year cars that Mazda helped develop accounted for 3% of Ford's sales, and that percentage will rise substantially with the introduction of the Probe.

Another factor in Ford's surge is a new spirit of cooperation between labor and management. Last September the United Auto Workers union, which represents 104,000 Ford employees, agreed to accept a contract that calls for a moderate average wage increase of 3% this year. The pact includes concessions by both sides. The union said it would help Petersen achieve his goal of creating more Japanese-style teamwork. In exchange, Ford agreed to a provision that bars the company from laying off workers in all but the sharpest of economic downturns. Says Ford Executive Vice President Philip Benton: "The union has come a long way in recognizing the need to be competitive." Adds U.A.W. Vice President Stephen Yokich: "I can see a totally different attitude. We're meeting and talking about our problems." Working together has its rewards: this year's \$636 million profit-sharing disbursement is believed to be the largest such payout ever made by an American company. The workers received average bonuses of \$3,700, up from \$2,100 in 1987.

To protect itself from the vicissitudes of a fickle business, Ford has been moving to diversify. Since 1985, it has bought an 80% stake in Hertz (for \$1.3 billion); California's First Nationwide Bank (\$493 million), the fourth largest U.S. thrift institution; and BDM International (\$425 million), a military research firm that will supplement Ford's longtime aerospace expertise. Ford is rumored to be interested in using its \$10 billion cash hoard to go after a much larger acquisition, perhaps a company the size of Boeing, Lockheed or Singer.

Petersen is focusing most of his atten-



3 In January 1988 the Probe goes into production at Mazda's Flat Rock, Mich., plant. With 3,100 workers and 350 robots, the factory, which also assembles Mazda's MX-6, can turn out 1,000 autos a day.

4 In June 1988 Probes are headed for Japan—a reversal of the usual auto-shipment flow across the Pacific. At Port Hueneme, Calif., 84 of the cars, the first lot, are loaded on the freighter *Pacific Angel*.



Economy & Business

tion, though, on ensuring that Ford offers a continuous stream of fresh cars. Some will be gussied-up versions of existing models—known in the trade as “re-skins”—while one will be a completely new model. Later this year the firm plans to unveil a Ford Thunderbird with styling resembling a BMW. Also in the works: face-lifts for the Ranger pickup and Bronco II sport-utility vehicle; a nip and tuck for the Taurus; a version of the Aerostar van that will stretch 15 in. longer than the current 14½-ft. model; and by 1991 a compact four-wheel-drive van designed by Nissan and made by Ford to compete with Chrysler's line of Voyagers and Caravans, which now command 49% of the U.S. minivan market.

Ford will need a fleet of attractive

cars to hold its own against the flood of rival models coming into the market. U.S. plants owned by Japanese companies, including Nissan, Honda and Toyota, are expected to produce 2.2 million cars annually by 1992, up from 618,000 in 1987. That will surely cut into the sales of the U.S. Big Three, which produced 15 million vehicles last year. Detroit fears the new competition because the Japanese plants, which generally employ nonunion labor, have been able to keep operating costs 15% to 20% below those of the Big Three. “We have more vacations, more holidays and more relief time than the Japanese,” says Ford Vice Chairman Harold (“Red”) Poling. “Those things will be an impediment to achieving the same degree of productivity.”

But as always, Ford's chief nemesis will be GM. With 1987 sales of \$102 billion, GM remains 41% larger than Ford. Auto experts say GM could rebound sharply with its planned line of stylish front-wheel-drive cars called the GM-10 series. “General Motors is waking up,” says Auto Analyst Maryann Keller of Furman Selz Mager Dietz & Birney. “Ford is going to face tough competition in the 1990s.”

Others think Ford has the ability but needs the desire to overtake GM as the world's largest automaker. Says Vladimir Pucik, an assistant professor at the University of Michigan's business school: “Nobody goes to the Indy 500 trying to be a strong No. 2.”

—By Gordon Bock

Reported by B. Russell Leavitt/Detroit

Iacocca II, the Sequel

Ford may be the most successful U.S. automaker at the moment, but Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca is not about to give up his standing as America's best-liked fender-side philosopher. His first book, 1984's *Iacocca: An Autobiography*, sold more than 6.5 million copies worldwide. Iacocca's story, of how he grew up to be the scrappy, quintessential “car guy” who, after a 32-year career at Ford, rescued Chrysler, brought him more than 71,000 letters, including suggestions that he run for President and pleas for advice on family, finance and foreign affairs. Now the chairman is back with a sequel, *Talking Straight* (Bantam Books; \$21.95), in which he dispenses the folk wisdom his fans were asking for. He is by turns caustic, magnanimous and earthy but almost never bland.

Lambasting Washington, Wall Street and special-interest groups everywhere, Iacocca, 63, complains that too many Americans are unwilling to make the compromises necessary to attack such problems as federal deficits, trade imbalances, ineffective high schools and shoddy workmanship. Unlike many industrialists, he calls for a more activist Federal Government. “The next President must find a way to ease the polarization, because we don't seem much like a ‘United States anymore—just a bunch of fifty states, each doing its own thing.”

Talking Straight, written with the help of New York Times Reporter Sonny Kleinfield, spends only a few chapters updating Iacocca's personal history. He recollects the diabetes-related death of his first wife Mary in 1983, then briskly describes his failed, 19-month second marriage to Peggy Johnson, a former flight attendant. These days, Iacocca says, his traveling companion is often his mother Antoinette, 84.

Iacocca's most startling disclosure is that last year he explored the possibility of a \$40 billion takeover of beleaguered General Motors, which is four times Chrysler's size. As proposed by Edward Hennessy, chairman of the industrial con-

glomerate Allied-Signal, the takeover would have given Allied-Signal GM's auto-supply operations and Chrysler the rest. After talking it over with investment bankers and lawyers, Iacocca rejected the notion as too much of a reach. Said he: “I concluded that it might be easier to buy Greece.”

By then, Iacocca had acquired American Motors, Lamborghini and part of Maserati. He reports that his management team resisted the \$1.2 billion AMC purchase, but he asserted his power of paterfamilias. Says he: “I heard every-

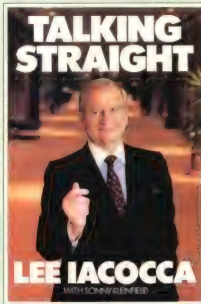
body out, and then I overruled them.” Iacocca's acquisitiveness seems somewhat at odds with his opinion of what is wrong with corporate America: merger mania, for one thing. He excoriates raiders and corporate chiefs who wage expensive takeover battles, leaving companies bloodied and indebted. He also faults political leaders for shortsighted partisanship: “All we do is finger-point.” He particularly chides President Reagan, whom he describes as a “warm and wonderful human being,” but “totally incapable of focusing in on any issue.”

Iacocca professes no interest in running for President, and he makes prescriptions that would terrify most politicians. To ease the budget deficits, he calls for higher taxes. On the trade gap with Japan, he recommends the U.S. simply demand that the Japanese reduce the imbalance by, say, 20% a year. Says he: “Take my word for it, the Japanese like to work toward objectives. It's time we gave them one.” Iacocca calls for gun control, advocates drastic reductions

in federal farm subsidies and backs a mandatory draft for all young men and women (with a public service option).

He acknowledges that “it's nearly gold-watch time for me” and discloses his retirement plans: “Teaching and preaching.” He hopes to find a podium at his alma mater, Lehigh University in Bethlehem, Pa., where he is helping to raise \$40 million for the Iacocca Institute, an industrial-policy center. Says he: “I'm going to try to be a cross between a savvy, street-smart guy and an elder statesman.” In that sense, *Talking Straight* could turn out to be a future professor's best-selling textbook.

—By Janice Castro



A Mess of Misleading Indicators

Why Government statistics sometimes go awry

Statistics are the heavenly bodies of economics. Not only are they used for navigation by businesses, policy planners and researchers but they also exert a powerful pull over the tides of the economy. A high monthly figure for the trade deficit, for example, can send floods of money rushing out of the stock market in a sell-off. The sheer quantity of statistics available is immense. Nearly every business day the U.S. Government releases one indicator or another, from the Consumer Price Index and capacity utilization to retail sales and housing starts. Too often, however, the overall impact of the numbers is to generate confusion and anxiety. Some of the statistics are subject to repeated revisions. Other gauges fluctuate so wildly from month to month that they seem almost useless. More and more, the art of economic planning appears to be degenerating from astral navigation to something closer to astrology.

The most recent example of statistics gone awry involved the gross national product, the broad measure of the country's output of goods and services. On April 26 the Commerce Department announced that the GNP grew at a moderate annual rate of 2.3% in the first quarter of 1988. Experts interpreted the figure as proof that the economy was running smoothly. A month later, Government statisticians boosted first-quarter GNP growth to 3.9%, a change of nearly 70%. Suddenly, investors had reason to fear that the economy was overheating and that inflation was in danger of accelerating.

The reason for the sharp revision was simple: the first GNP figure was based on incomplete information. The Government reports a quarter's GNP after data for only the first two months are available; the statisticians make educated guesses about what happened during the third month. In this instance, an unexpected surge in exports in March led to the radical change in the calculation of the growth rate.

Such dramatic revisions in the GNP, retail sales figures and other important statistics occur with maddening regularity. "The numbers are not bad," says Sidney Jones, professor of public policy at Georgetown University. "They are just premature." But the Government is under pressure from anxious investors and executives to report economic data as soon as possible. Observes Robert Ortner, the Commerce Department's Under Secretary for Economic Affairs: "If you want

something quickly, you give up something." In this case, accuracy.

Some of the Government's economic compasses may be poorly constructed as well. The index of leading economic indicators, a compilation of statistics designed to predict the direction of the economy, is frequently derided as the "index of misleading economic indicators" because of its uneven forecasting record. After last October's stock-market crash, the index



declined for three consecutive months—normally a strong sign that a recession is on the way. An upward revision in the December figure, however, broke the downward streak, and fears of a recession evaporated.

The most important statistic released last week was the unemployment rate. After dropping from 5.6% in March to 5.4% in April, it bounced back to 5.6% in May, leaving economists mystified about the trend. While the jobless rate is gener-

ally considered to be among the most accurate of the figures the Government puts out, economists argue over how to interpret the number. A 5.6% unemployment rate sounds fairly bad in an absolute sense, but some experts say that it overstates the degree of distress because a large number of those listed as out of work are people who are voluntarily moving from one job to another. According to this line of reasoning, 5.6% unemployment is actually close to "full employment," and any attempt to push the rate much lower will cause inflation to accelerate. Other analysts say the unemployment rate understates the problem because it does not include the so-called discouraged workers, who have given up looking for a job.

One of the most volatile statistics is the monthly report on the U.S. trade deficit. That figure jumped from \$12.4 billion in January to \$13.8 billion in February, only to plunge to \$9.7 billion in March. Part of the reason for such swings is that trade flows vary according to seasonal patterns. When the Commerce Department announces the April figure next week, the number will be "seasonally adjusted" in an attempt to smooth out temporary fluctuations.

While the Government is striving to improve statistical accuracy, the effort has been repeatedly undermined by budget constraints. Federal funding for the compiling of statistics has fallen from \$1.7 billion in 1980 to \$1.6 billion in 1987, even though the cost of gathering data has gone up. The Administration wants more money for the job, but as Congress struggles to shrink the budget deficit by cutting spending, the chances seem slim that something as unglamorous as statistics will survive the ax.

That disturbs the experts who rely so heavily on Government data. Says Thomas Juster, an economics professor at the University of Michigan: "This kind of activity doesn't involve a major cost. It's a small-potatoes operation in terms of what the Federal Government does. But it also doesn't have any political attraction to the general public." Complains Henry Kaufman, the famed financial forecaster and former chief economist of Salomon Brothers: "The Government has not given a high enough priority to improving the quality of compiling economic data. We really do not cherish people who are in the business of collecting statistics." Unless funding is increased, the Government may find it necessary to eliminate some of its statistical measures—and business planners will have even fewer stars to fly by.

—By Daniel Benjamin,
Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York and Gisela Bolte/Washington

FIGURES TOP ECONOMISTS DO NOT TRUST

PAUL SAMUELSON
M.I.T. professor and Nobel prizewinner

The index of leading economic indicators has become an "anachronism" because the figures are not adjusted to take inflation into account. "You could have the index saying the economy is going one way when the real economy is going another way."

ALLEN SINAI
Chief economist for Boston Co. Economic Advisers

Some data for the trade-deficit figures are not collected on time and go into the calculations a month late. "The rewriting of history is a thorn in our side."

DAVID HALE
Chief economist for Kemper Financial Services
The retail-sales report is based on an inadequate sampling. "There is just something systematically wrong with the data."

NORMAN ROBERTSON
Chief economist for Mellon Bank

The U.S. is not necessarily in danger of increased inflation because industry is currently operating at a high 82.7% of capacity. The Federal Reserve's calculations of capacity utilization do not fully take into account the ability of companies to boost output by using more efficient machinery.



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If you want something done right, you've got to do it yourself.

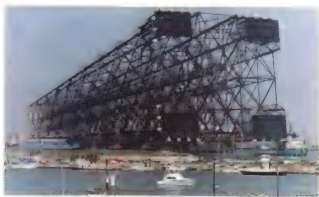
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Business Notes



PRODUCTS Coming soon, a portable television with built-in VCR



OIL Taller than any building, Shell's platform was towed into the Gulf

LABOR

A Summer of Discontent?

After a series of strikes battered South Korea's economy last year, the government hoped that managers and unionists had learned to negotiate across bargaining tables rather than police lines. But disputes have erupted at 340 companies so far this year, suggesting that the country may be in for another summer of labor unrest.

The company hardest hit is the Hyundai conglomerate (estimated 1987 revenues: \$23 billion). Trouble started in early May, when a labor leader at the Hyundai Construction Co. was kidnapped in Seoul. Two company executives were eventually arrested and charged with paying thugs \$27,000 to kidnap the man to force him to resign from the company. In the meantime, 3,500 workers, demanding 50% pay hikes, had walked out at two machine-tool factories owned by Hyundai Precision and Industry Co. On May 30, strikers at one of the plants seized a five-story office building and took Hyundai Precision Chairman Chong Mong Ku and ten other executives hostage. The managers were released June 1 as police prepared to intervene.

A more serious threat to Hyundai came on May 30, when 20,000 workers struck the company's profitable auto-

manufacturing unit, shutting down all 15 of its plants. The strikers are asking for a 48% pay hike. The government is pressuring Hyundai and other companies to resolve their labor problems quickly in hopes that the situation will calm down by the time the Seoul Olympics begin in September.

VEHICLE SAFETY

Inclined To Roll

Perky and lightweight, the Suzuki Samurai four-wheel-drive vehicle has become a trendy runabout in the U.S. Last week, though, *Consumer Reports* magazine said it will give the Samurai a rating of "not acceptable" in its July issue, the first such verdict it has rendered in a decade. The magazine's publisher, Consumers Union, conducted emergency-handling tests in which the two latest Samurai models tended to tip over at speeds of about 40 m.p.h. when the driver made sharp turns.

The consumer group contends that the Samurai is tippy because of a fundamental design flaw: the center of gravity is too high. Thus Consumers Union is urging the Government to order Suzuki Motor to buy back all 160,000 of the Samurais (base price: about \$8,500) sold in the U.S. The car's importer, American Suzuki Motor Corp., strongly defends its product as safe.

INVESTIGATIONS

Texas Air Gets a Lift

The dark cloud that had hung over Eastern and Continental airlines since April began to disperse last week. The two carriers and their beleaguered parent company, Texas Air, were judged safe and sound in an unprecedented Government inspection of the airlines' 636 jets and of Texas Air's management and finances. According to Transportation Secretary James Burnley, Texas Air is currently "fit, willing and able" to perform safely, but the Government warned that labor-management strife at Eastern poses potential future hazards. As a precaution, Burnley appointed William Brock, a former Secretary of Labor, to act as a liaison between the company's unions and management.

PRODUCTS

Hiking Gear for Couch 'Taters

Oh, no! Get ready for couch potatoes on the move, liberated from their sofas and wandering the streets with flickering devices held before their eyes. Sony, which introduced the Walkman audiocassette player in 1979 and the tiny Watchman TV set in 1982, said last week it will produce the Video

Walkman, a videocassette player the size of a small book.

The device uses 8-mm videocassettes, an increasingly popular format a mite bigger than their audio counterparts. The Video Walkman can record programs from its built-in TV receiver or from a home set, then play the tape on its 3-in. color screen. The new product will be released in the U.S. late this year. Expected retail price: about \$1,300.

OIL

A Rig Named Bullwinkle

The industry may be mired in a three-year slump, but Big Oil still thinks big. Convinced that crude prices will rise again and anticipating a major new pool of natural gas, Shell Oil last week launched "Bullwinkle," a lighthearted name for the tallest ever offshore oil-drilling and -production rig.

At 1,615 ft., Bullwinkle will stand 161 ft. higher than the world's tallest building, Chicago's Sears Tower, although only 262 ft. of the rig will poke above the waves. Seven tugboats spent three days towing Bullwinkle to its home, 150 miles southwest of New Orleans in the Gulf of Mexico. When Bullwinkle reaches full production in 1991, its 50 wells will turn out 50,000 bbl. of oil a day, enough to make 2.1 million gal. of gasoline.

Press



Conquering the New World: Brown, left, is literary, while Wintour has an unerring eye for style

The Dynamic Duo at Condé Nast

Two British-born editors are rising stars in the magazine business

On paper, they seem almost interchangeable. Young, attractive products of privileged British households, both are working mothers of small children and second wives to older, distinguished husbands. More important, Editors Tina Brown of *Vanity Fair* and Anna Wintour of *House & Garden* are journalistic prodigies boldly imposing their visions on two venerable American magazines in the same publishing empire. Recruited by Newspaper Scion S.I. Newhouse, propri-

etor of the eleven Condé Nast magazines, Brown and Wintour are rising stars who may one day equal such Condé Nast legends as Diana Vreeland, formerly of *Vogue*, and Ruth Whitney of *Glamour*.

Up close, however, the two could not be more different. Willow, auburn-haired Wintour, 38, is cool and withdrawn; Brown, 34, a shorter, shapely blond, is brassy and outgoing. Their editing styles are as distinct as their looks. Brown is verbal, literary, with a knack for matching

writer to subject, while Wintour is a visual creature, renowned for her eye for style.

After Wintour arrived at *House & Garden* last fall, rumors of a *Dynasty*-style cat fight with Brown began to circulate. Although Wintour did snatch Fashion Writer André Leon Talley away from *Vanity Fair*, the two women say they are friends, not rivals. Still, the talk grew louder earlier this year, when Wintour's controversial makeover of *House & Garden* (which she renamed *HG*) hit the newsstands. Aghast at a number of similarities to *Vanity Fair*—particularly the emphasis on celebrities—one wag dubbed *HG* "Vanity Fair with chairs."

That *Vanity Fair*, one of the most celebrated avant-garde magazines of the 1920s, would once again be a trendsetter was exactly what Newhouse and Condé Nast Editorial Director Alexander Liberman hoped when they revived the long-defunct magazine in 1983. But after one of the most heralded debuts in recent publishing history, the new magazine collapsed under the weight of its own pretension. Eleven months and two editors later, Newhouse and Liberman hired Brown, an Oxford graduate whose spunky editing had turned around the British satirical monthly *Tatler*.

Brown learned to adapt her light, irreverent British sensibility to the New World. "Americans want real information, substance, something solid," she observes. The result was what she calls an "intellectual cabaret"—a saucy, literate celebrity magazine featuring profiles of Hollywood stars, aristocrats and parvenus, ballasted with some weightier and newsworthy pieces. Her philosophy of journalism as voyeurism seems to have worked. Since her arrival, circulation has ballooned from 259,753 to 595,844, and ad-

Lady Dean

When journalism's brightest luminaries gathered at a black-tie dinner last month to celebrate the 75th anniversary of Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, there was one conspicuous absence: the school's dean. The university had been unable to fill that prominent post ever since former *Newsweek* Editor in Chief Osborn Elliott resigned two years ago. Last week Columbia President Michael Sovern finally announced a successor: Joan Konner, 57, a veteran television-documentary producer and a Columbia trustee since 1978. "She's been a very serious possibility from the begin-

ning," said Sovern. "We didn't want anyone to think that we'd gone soft and were just taking the easy way out."

In fact, the lengthy search had become highly embarrassing. Part of the problem was a rift between the faculty, which wanted a professional journalist, and the university administration, which sought someone with a more academic background. As many as three candidates were reportedly offered the job but declined after taking stock of the school's troubles. Rising costs for students (now \$20,000 a year), a deteriorating physical plant and a fractious faculty have led many educators to conclude that Columbia, the most prestigious journalism school in the

country, is resting on its laurels. "It needs a shot in the arm right now," says Professor Karen Rothmyer.

Konner, the first woman to hold the job, seems well prepared for what she calls



Joan Konner

the "challenge of helping journalism define itself." A 1961 graduate of the school, she boasts an impressive set of journalistic credentials, including more than 20 years as a documentary producer for NBC News and public television, where she has had a long partnership with Bill Moyers. "She's a solid, substantive journalist with lots of integrity," says Professor Kenneth Goldstein. Equally important, Konner is said to be a good administrator who knows how to raise money. From her spot on the university board, she was acutely aware of what she calls the school's "noble search to find the Holy Grail." Now that she has been chosen, she quips, "either they gave up or they found it."

Medicine

Frank Talk About the AIDS Crisis

A retired admiral issues a stern challenge to the White House

vertising pages have more than tripled.

Meanwhile, *House & Garden*, which had won two National Magazine Awards in 1984, was losing momentum. After replacing the publisher and art director, Newhouse and Liberman sent for Wintour. A mediocre student who is said to have lost all interest in academics after a teacher upbraided her for wearing a miniskirt, Wintour never went to college and instead plunged into the world of fashion. She arrived in the U.S. in 1976 and put in stints at *Viva* and *New York*, before being named creative director of American *Vogue* in 1983 and editor of the British edition in 1986. In London her brusque approach to redesigning the already successful British *Vogue* earned her the sobriquets "nuclear Wintour" and "Wintour of our discontent." The shy editor clearly relishes power. "I'm the Conde Nast hit man," she told a friend. "I love coming in and changing magazines."

Whether she will succeed with *HG* is not yet clear. Critics who are concerned that she is moving the magazine away from design and into fashion now refer to it as *House & Garment*. Wintour has little affection for the traditional, glossy spreads of uninhabited interiors so dear to many subscribers. Her first week on the job, she summarily rejected some \$2 million worth of inventoried photos and articles. "She destroyed *House & Garden* in 2½ days," bristles a former editor who was fired shortly after Wintour arrived. Wintour explains that rather than showing "empty rooms," she prefers to bring in the feeling of people. "Dramatic environments reflect strong personalities," she says, sitting behind the stark black desk in her chic but minimalist Madison Avenue office.

Whatever outsiders may say, both Brown and Wintour are securely established within the Conde Nast firmament. Each reportedly receives more than \$200,000 a year, plus a \$25,000 clothing allowance and plenty of pampering. During her stint in London, Wintour's husband David Shaffer, a prominent child psychiatrist, remained in New York City; the company paid for regular Concorde flights so they could visit each other. And some say Newhouse launched *Traveler*, Conde Nast's newest magazine, so that Brown's husband Editor Harold Evans would have something to do in New York.

Most important to insiders, however, is the question of what Brown and Wintour ultimately want. Wintour is said to prize the top spot at American *Vogue* or perhaps even Liberman's post as editorial director. Brown's long-term interests, on the other hand, seem to lie outside fashion journalism. "She has a fascination for Hollywood that has not begun to be exhausted," says *Vanity Fair* Contributor Dominick Dunne. For now, however, both women claim that it is challenge enough to run their shops efficiently and try to make it home to their children by dinnertime.

—By Laurence Zuckerman

Reported by Kathleen Brady/New York

Admiral James Watkins is a man determined to speak bluntly, and damn the torpedoes! As chairman of the 13-member presidential AIDS commission, he began his study of the AIDS crisis eight months ago by warning that his findings would not be swayed by political considerations. Last week, before a packed Washington press conference, he ended the study with the same forthrightness. In issuing a 269-page draft of the commission's final report, he managed both to show a fine disregard for prevailing prejudices about AIDS and to issue a sharp chal-



Chairman Watkins: "The system has failed"

lenge to the Reagan Administration. Going beyond a National Academy of Sciences report also released last week that criticized the White House for an "absence of strong leadership" in the AIDS fight, Watkins declared, "The system has failed. It is not working well, and we had better get with it."

The chairman's 579 recommendations add up to a bold plan for action that could cost \$3 billion. In a preliminary report released last February, the commission called for hundreds of new treatment centers for intravenous drug users, home care for AIDS patients and a streamlined federal approval process to speed up the delivery of experimental AIDS drugs. In the latest document, Watkins went further and emphasized two measures that the Reagan Administration has stiffly opposed: new federal antidiscrimination laws to protect those infected with the AIDS virus from loss of jobs, insurance and housing, and new confidentiality statutes to ensure accurate testing for and report-

ing of the disease. The draft report, which must be approved by the full commission before it goes to the President, is already being hailed by health professionals and AIDS activists as a courageous national strategy. Says Mathilde Krim, co-founder of the American Foundation for AIDS Research: "It is a comprehensive report. It is a human report. And it is an intelligent report."

Watkins called discrimination the "foremost obstacle to progress" in combatting AIDS. "People simply will not come forward to be tested or will not supply names of sexual contacts for notification," he said, "if they feel they will lose their jobs and homes based on an HIV-positive test." The chairman's recommendation: that the President issue an Executive Order extending federal antidiscrimination laws already on the books to include those infected with the AIDS virus. In Congress, conservative lawmakers, who vigorously oppose steps that would confer special rights on homosexuals, the group most directly affected by AIDS, promptly voiced their objections.

Watkins homed in on another Administration bugaboo: guaranteed confidentiality. Since the AIDS crisis began, programs to determine the focus and spread of the disease have been stymied because people at high risk have feared being stigmatized by showing up for tests. "An effective guarantee of confidentiality is the major bulwark against that fear," the report asserts. However, it also establishes clear exceptions to the rule: namely, when there is a need to protect those "who may unknowingly be in immediate danger of being exposed" to the AIDS virus. Among them are victims of sexual assaults, health-care workers who are accidentally exposed and those who may be treating infected individuals.

Watkins proposed education initiatives that "are of such vital importance... that they must be implemented immediately," including comprehensive health courses in the schools and a program tailored to minority communities that have been hardest hit by AIDS. The chairman also suggested that the Surgeon General act as the Government's principal spokesman in health-care emergencies, with the authority to forge effective public policy speedily. As if to underscore the urgent tone of Watkins' draft report, the San Francisco department of public health and the federal Centers for Disease Control predicted last week, for the first time, that infection with the AIDS virus will almost certainly result in death unless effective treatments are found.

—By Dick Thompson/Washington



2

MICHELIN SPORT LINE EP-X

Water can be many things to many people. To the casual driver, it can merely mean driving with caution. To the race car driver, it can mean no driving at all. Racing tires are designed solely for dry-road traction. Their footprints are entirely smooth. In fact they're called slicks. If it should rain, the tire loses traction almost immediately.

Without a tread pattern, water will build up in a wave at the front of the contact patch. Since water cannot be compressed, the tire will keep pushing it ahead as it rolls. At higher speeds,

Lateral evacuation becomes more difficult as speed and tread width are increased. Longitudinal removal is more effective, especially with deep, wide longitudinal tread grooves. In addition to pumping water and moving it from under the tread blocks, the tread pattern also holds water in the tread grooves. Water is forced by the pumping action of the tread into the grooves where it remains as the tire rolls through the contact patch. Once in the grooves, the water will not interfere with the contact of the rubber on the road surface. The newer and deeper the tread grooves, the more water they can hold and the more the tire can resist hydroplaning.

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Water Can Be Invigorating.

when the tire cannot push water any longer, a wedge of water is forced under the contact patch. When this happens, the rubber of the tire is no longer in contact with the road surface. This is called hydroplaning. And much like a water ski, the hydroplaning tire has little lateral stability and is effectively at the mercy of inertia. What's missing is a way for water to be evacuated. A task that falls primarily on a tire's tread pattern. The tread pattern basically acts like a pump. It can actually pump and channel water from under the contact patch. Water will be displaced either to the side (laterally), or to the rear (longitudinally).

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Religion

Bishop Spong on Right and Wrong

An iconoclastic Episcopal clergyman fuels a debate on sex

The Episcopal Church has a sex problem. First came a controversial 112-page booklet, titled *Sexuality: A Divine Gift*, that purports to instruct young Episcopalians on the dos and don'ts of intimate relationships. Published last year by the church education agency, it openly questions the old rules of "sexual abstinence or strict heterosexual monogamy" and recommends a steamy Unitarian sex curriculum as a guide. Such goings-on have stoked a fire storm of protest among conservatives, who vow to get the booklet rejected at next month's Episcopal convention. By then, however, the *Divine Gift* dustup may be overshadowed by an even testier debate involving Newark's Bishop John Shelby Spong.

Spong's forthcoming book, *Living in Sin?* (Harper & Row, \$15.95), is probably the most radical pronouncement on sex ever issued by a bishop. An advocate of women bishops, Spong interprets traditional morality as the product of a patriarchal bias. "Sex outside of marriage can be holy and life-giving under some circumstances," he writes. Spong argues that most people are likely to break the traditional rules anyway, what with the advent of birth control and modern life-styles. Since the church wants to counteract promiscuity, he reasons, it should encourage unmarried people to at least establish committed sexual relationships, while retaining lifelong monogamy as the "ideal."

On homosexual behavior, Spong spurns the biblical literalism of his youth, explaining that St. Paul (who wrote of



Spong: blessing certain nonmarital links

"dishonorable passions") did not realize that the inclination is inborn. Spong declares that the church should repent of past "ignorance and prejudice" and perform ritual blessings for same-sex couples. For young heterosexuals, the bishop advocates what he terms "betrothal," in which the church would recognize sexual relationships that are "committed and public, but not legal." In betrothals, the birth of children would "not be appropriate." He proposes similar arrangements for older singles.

Raised in Charlotte, N.C., Spong, who turns 57 next week, early opted for a career in the clergy. After completing seminary studies in Virginia, he served in several Southern parishes and began drawing his way to the top. Spong privately started to rethink sexual morality when a parishioner who did not want to divorce his paralyzed wife decided to take up with a widow. "For the first time," he recalled in an interview, "I faced the fact that it might be more loving and life-giving to have a relationship outside marriage than to be moralistic. It seemed to me nobody was hurt."

Spong's election as a bishop in 1976 provoked a brief doctrinal ruckus. A group of 70 conservatives contended that he was unfit for the post because he had written, among other things, "The simplistic claim that Jesus is God is nowhere made in the biblical story. Nowhere!" Since he joined the hierarchy, Spong has continued to be a china breaker in the tradition of the late bishop James A. Pike, the 1960s scourge of Episcopal tradition.

Unlike Pike, who underwent a heresy trial and eventually resigned as a bishop, Spong has got little hierarchical heat. He has, however, prompted the creation of Episcopalians United, a 20,000-strong organization of priests and lay people dedicated to maintaining older Episcopal teachings. Complains an activist, the Rev. Kendall Harmon of Sumter, S.C.: "We have reached a point where the official positions of the Episcopal Church have almost no practical value." But the church's Presiding Bishop, Edmond Browning, insists, "There is room to ask questions within the context of our faith, and there is room for diversity of opinion."

—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Michael P. Harris/New York

Papal Slate

Pope John Paul II passed a major milestone last week by naming 25 new Cardinals and placing his personal stamp on the body that will one day name his successor. The present Pope's appointees now constitute a 64% majority of the 121 Cardinals currently eligible to vote, and the latest batch, representing 18 countries, continues John Paul's internationalizing trend. Three years ago the traditionally dominant Europeans were reduced to less than half the voting Cardinals (those under age 80). This time the balance of power has shifted farther from the West. The twelve

North American electors, for example, are equal in number by Asians and exceeded by the 16 Africans.

In geopolitical terms, the most interesting appointees are Lithuania's Vincentas Sladkevicius, 67, and Hong Kong's John Baptist Wu Cheng-Chung, 63. Sladkevicius, who spent 23 years under house arrest, is the second Cardinal resident in the Soviet Union. Wu, if he lives until 1997, will be the first Cardinal in Communist China when Beijing takes over Hong Kong from the British.

The new U.S. Cardinals are James Hickey, 67, of Washington, and Edmund Szoka, 60, of De-

troit. Both have shown the firm doctrinal mettle the Pope admires. As chancellor of the Catholic University of America, Hickey handled the ouster of Charles Curran from the theology faculty. Szoka forced

a nun who administered state abortion payments to leave her order.

Among those conspicuously passed over: American Paul Marcinkus, whose Vatican Bank has been entangled in scandal, and St. Louis' John May, president of the U.S. bishops' conference. A possible explanation for bypassing May is that St. Louis has declined in ecclesiastical importance. But insiders speculate about another reason: May's insistence at last fall's Vatican synod that women's concerns are not just some "American aberration." That is not a message the present Roman Pontiff likes to hear.



James Hickey

Edmund Szoka

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Now the complete story is available in a compelling new book, *Mikhail S. Gorbachev, An Intimate Biography*. This insider's account includes:

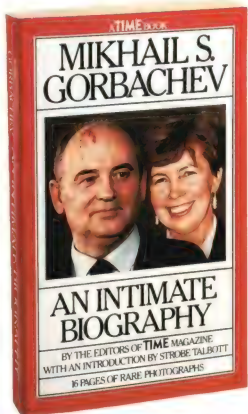
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Science

Journey to the Earth's Core

Advances in geology reveal an astounding interior landscape

Even though the center of the earth is closer to New York City than New York is to Honolulu, it is as inaccessible to scientists as the stars. Until recently, the earth's core, hidden under thousands of miles of rock, was a mystery. Now all that is changing. In the past two years, thanks to a technological revolution in methods of observation, scientists have begun to paint a theoretical portrait of the planet's interior in startling detail. Says Harvard University Geophysicist Adam Dziewonski: "For the first time we can actually see the inside of the machine."

What they "see" is astounding. Far from being just a featureless sphere of molten iron, the core has a surface that is apparently studded with mountains and riddled with depressions that may be filled with lower-density fluid that forms the equivalent of oceans. There may even be a bizarre kind of rain: showers of iron particles that sprinkle down on the core. And all of this takes place in a region whose temperature is perhaps as hot as the surface of the sun.

Describing the core of the earth is no mere academic exercise. Understanding earthquakes, volcanoes and other geological phenomena depends largely on fathoming the forces at work within the planet's mantle, the thick layer of rock that stretches from the core to within an average of 30 miles of the surface. The behavior of the mantle seems to be determined by the core. The molten center also acts as an electromagnetic dynamo, creating the magnetic field that shields earth from the high-energy particles that stream from the sun.

The new era for earth science began in 1981, when scientists learned that planet-wide vibrations resulting from earthquakes deep within the earth are split into a complex system of overlapping "tones." The implication: there is something going on in the core that no one had previously suspected. Recalls John Woodhouse, a colleague of Dziewonski's at Harvard: "It was the beginning of a new wave of attention to the core."

Before dealing with the core, though, scientists had to understand the intervening mantle, through which all seismic information has to pass on its way to the surface. Explains Dziewonski: "If it's a faulty lens, you're going to have a wrong image." By 1984 the Harvard group had assembled the first detailed map of the mantle ever published. Their data

consisted of the patterns of earthquake-generated pressure waves that passed through the solid earth, moving faster through cooler regions of the mantle and more slowly through warmer areas.

Armed for the first time with an accurate picture of the mantle's distorting effects, geophysicists around the world began an intensive probe of the core itself. Using supercomputers, they combined millions of seismological observations collected at some 3,000 surface monitoring stations into a single, overall picture. The image is fuzzy, admits Robert Clayton, a geophysicist at the California Institute of Technology, "but I think everybody now agrees there is some kind of topography down there."

The Harvard group found, for example, that pressure waves travel more quickly when moving parallel to the earth's axis than when they are perpendicular. That could be explained if the solid inner core were a crystal, in which waves would travel at different speeds along different axes, but molten iron is hardly crystalline. Instead, Don Anderson and his colleagues at Caltech's seismological lab postulated the existence of iron rain. Their theory: the polar regions of the core are slightly flattened and tend to be cooler than the equatorial regions. The heat exchange between the two areas may then result in a kind of geological weather system in which iron particles precipitate out of solution and rain down toward the core in a continuous cycle that is compa-

table to evaporation and condensation.

That scenario could illuminate more than just the confusing differences in the velocity of pressure waves; it could also help explain the mystery of the origin of the earth's magnetic field, as well as its unexplained reversals. About once every million years, magnetic north and south inexplicably exchange places. Scientists do not understand whether this phenomenon comes about gradually, say, over thousands of years, or all at once. One idea, advanced in recent years, is that turbulent eddies within the core-mantle boundary somehow give rise to electromagnetic disturbances that trigger the reversals. A rain of iron particles, say some scientists, might supply the energy to keep the eddies churning.

For all the drama of the recent discoveries, scientists still have a very tenuous understanding of the structure and dynamics of the core. Nonetheless, other areas of geology have advanced enough to give scientists a reasonably consistent idea of how the overall picture fits together. Says Subir Banerjee, a geophysicist at the University of Minnesota: "In every discipline, our measuring capabilities have gone up so much that we are at last able to home in on the earth's core by a number of techniques." For scientists who have long struggled to penetrate the mysteries at the center of the earth, solving the puzzle now seems within reach.

—By Michael D. Lemonick.
Reported by Robert Buderl/Boston and Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles



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Video

What's Under the Blanket Coverage?

The TV news armada in Moscow raises questions of overkill

W as all the world's news last week taking place within taxi-hailing distance of Red Square? One might have thought so from the TV networks' saturation coverage of the Moscow summit. The main event, of course, was the face-to-face meeting between President Reagan and Soviet Leader Gorbachev. The most fascinating sideshow, Raisa and Nancy playing a catty game of one-upmanship. But there was more—much more. Religion in

Actually, network executives claimed, the TV armada was comparatively lean this time. Each network sent between 80 and 100 people to Moscow—"barely enough to do what we needed to do," asserted CBS News President Howard Stringer. Though the summit dominated regularly scheduled newscasts, none of the three networks aired a prime-time or late-night special on the subject. And except for CNN (which devoted about

Just what to do with all this equipment and manpower was another matter. With little chance for enterprising scoops, the networks elbowed one another for minor coups. ABC noted that it was the first to transmit pictures from inside the Kremlin, and CBS landed an interview with former Moscow Party Chief Boris Yeltsin. CBS's Rather, meanwhile, was the only anchor to get a face-to-face encounter with Gorbachev. It came by chance when the CBS crew, shooting inside the Kremlin, spotted the Soviet leader's entourage. While CBS Executive David Buksbaum created a diversionary scene, Rather squeezed past security guards for a few brief questions. ICNN's Steve Hurst also managed to corral Gorbachev separately for a short interview.)

As usual, TV seemed more fascinated by small, vivid, personal moments than by the big strategic picture: Reagan doing during a speech, the First Lady trying to get reporters' attention away from Raisa Gorbachev at the Tretyakov Gallery, Gorbachev directing reporters at a press conference to change seats when they could not hear the translations. In the meantime, the networks filled out their nightly half-hours with interchangeable feature stories and ponderously superfluous analysis ("Well, I've been thinking about the cold war. Tom," began a John Chancellor commentary; snores followed).

It was another case of the Big Story Syndrome. When the networks scramble to outdo one another, they seem to lose a measure of perspective. The CBS *Evening News*, in particular, turned into an odd cross between *PM Magazine* and *The McLaughlin Group*, with Rather strolling around Red Square with his temporary co-anchor, Charles Kuralt, and sitting down each evening to gab with three correspondents about the day's events. Adding to the prepackaged, magazine-show look: Rather, unlike Brokaw and Jennings, taped his segments several hours in advance, so he could be seen in the bright sunshine rather than in the Moscow darkness.

To be sure, TV's go-for-broke approach on such big stories has its rewards. With so much attention focused on the Soviet Union, viewers got many more background stories than would normally be allowed on the tightly formatted evening news. The importance of summit coverage, contends NBC News President Lawrence Grossman, is "not in terms of specific agreements. The major issue is trying to give people a sense of the landmark changes taking place inside the Soviet Union." With budgets growing tighter, however, the networks will have to take a harder look at whether such reporting extravaganzas are justified as journalism, or merely as public relations.

—By Richard Zoglin.

Reported by Ken Olsen/Moscow and William Tynan/New York



Donaldson and Jennings on the ABC set overlooking Red Square: the Big Story Syndrome

Capturing personal moments, scrambling for coups and touring the subways.

the Soviet Union was suddenly a hot topic for TV reporters, as were Soviet rock music and the effect of *glasnost* on the Soviet press. There were tours of the Moscow subway, a visit to the first Miss Moscow beauty pageant and an interview with artists who, in honor of the summit, made plaster casts of people shaking hands.

With all three evening newscasts (and a good portion of the morning news shows as well) transplanted to Moscow for much of the week, summit news squeezed out all but the briefest wrap-up of other news. Monday night's CBS *Evening News*, incredibly, mentioned not a single non-summit-related story. It was, to be sure, a slow news week apart from superpower summity. But the blanket coverage raised questions of TV overkill. With little substantive news expected from the summit, and the network news divisions already facing severe budget constraints, some wondered whether the extensive TV effort was journalistically warranted.

50% of its schedule to the doings in Moscow, live coverage was relatively sparse. When Reagan appeared at Moscow State University on Tuesday for an extraordinary question-and-answer session, CNN carried the event live in its entirety, but of the networks only ABC did so.

Still, the three networks together spent \$5 million on the event, according to one former network executive, shipped in 50 tons of equipment; and showcased star correspondents. All three evening news anchors—Dan Rather, Peter Jennings and Tom Brokaw—were in attendance. Also along were Washington heavyweights like ABC's Sam Donaldson and a morning anchor from each network: *Today's* Bryant Gumbel, *Good Morning, America's* Charles Gibson and CBS *This Morning's* Kathleen Sullivan. The networks built temporary studios on a balcony at the Rossiya Hotel. Soviet officials even lit up the onion domes of St. Basil's Cathedral on Red Square every night for the cameras.

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People

For sure, it won't be *Stand and Deliver*. More like *Siddown and Shaddup*. But Hollywood is now doing the life of **Joe Clark**, the controversial principal of Eastside High School in Paterson, N.J., who wields discipline with a 37-in. Adirondack Frank Robinson Big Stick. In the \$10 million movie, aptly called *Lean on Me*, directed by **John Avildsen** (*Rocky*, *The Karate Kid*), Clark will be played by **Morgan Freeman**, who was nominated for an Oscar last year in *Streetsmart*. As for Interested Onlooker Clark, he is not about to tone down the acclaimed toughness that marks his approach to crime-ridden schools. "He's a good actor," says Clark of Freeman. "But I have a certain élan, charisma, a flair. I don't think anybody can fully portray me. There's only one Joe Clark."



Two of a kind: Freeman and Clark with the ghostly mascot of Eastside High

The fastest man in football was **Ron Brown**, 27, the former



Goodbye L.A.: Brown in training

wide receiver for the Los Angeles Rams. But now Ron wants to be the fastest in the world. In April he refused to renegotiate his four-year, \$2 million contract with the Rams, and instead has had his amateur status restored. What

he yearns for is another taste of the glory he won as part of the gold-medal U.S. 400-meter relay team in the 1984 Summer Olympics. "I'm doing it for a dream," says Brown, who has been training six days a week to qualify for the 100-meter dash. Says Brown: "They say you get 15 minutes of fame. For me it will be ten seconds." Sorry Ron, it's got to be less than that. The world record for the dash is 9.83 seconds.

"I had always thought about Disneyland in prison," said **Natan Sharansky**, the refusenik who spent nine years in Soviet confinement. After a 20-hour flight from Israel, then nonstop promotions for his new book *Fear No Evil* at a publishers' convention in Anaheim, Calif. Sharansky just had to get away from it all—and into the Magic Kingdom. Lost among the tourists, the ex-dissident found "it was the first time since my punishment cell that I had privacy." Disneyland, he discovered, was not entirely unlike the U.S.S.R. The lines for the attractions were nearly as long as Moscow queues for food and clothes. So Sharansky settled for a relatively short one ("only 45 minutes") and found himself with the Pirates of the

Caribbean. It's a small world after all.

He really isn't wanted, but Disgraced Televangelist **Jim Bakker** returned to Fort Mill, S.C., last week to try to win back his lost Christian empire. He and his wife **Tammy Faye** offered their services to revive—perhaps even buy back—the bankrupt PTL Club, which was stripped from his control after a sex scandal forced him into California exile in 1987. "Everyone else has had a chance to save PTL, so we ought to."

said Bakker, who was welcomed by a few loyal supporters. Deep into bailout talks, however, the PTL board decided it wanted to keep Jim at arm's length—at least. When Bakker was found watching a private PTL meeting over closed-circuit television, officials called security to escort him out.

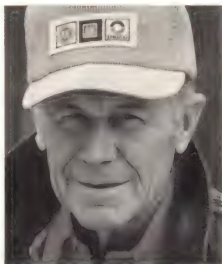
Now that **Brooke Shields**, who turned a venerable 23 last week, has begun playing adult roles, a number of Brookelettes are angling to succeed to the former *Pretty Baby*'s old domain. The haughtiest preteen pout since Brooke belongs to a stunning twelve-year-old named **Milla Jovovich**, who has already posed for 13 magazine covers. The Soviet-born Jovovich brings

an immigrant drive to her battle for the succession. After moving to the U.S. in 1981, Jovovich's mother, Galina, once an actress in Moscow, enrolled Milla in drama classes. The child began modeling last September and has already appeared in two movies, including *The Night Train to Kathmandu*, which debuts this week on the Disney Channel. Does she want to be Shields? "I try to do what I do the way I want. I don't want to have a role model."

By Howard G. Chao-Eom.
Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York



Brooking comparison: Jovovich puts on a pout



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From backwater to Babylon: the harbor town of Bodrum, once a small fishing village, is now one of Europe's most popular getaways

Turkey: The Hot New Tourist Draw

It's unpolluted, unspoiled, unconventional and a genuine bargain

Twenty years ago, Bodrum, Turkey, seemed like a town that time had forgotten. "It was a small fishing village," remembers Atlantic Records Chairman Ahmet Ertegun. "The main activities were fishing and sponge diving, as well as work in agriculture—citrus trees, olive trees." There were a few foreigners to be found haggling over prices with merchants at the bazaar, and a handful of tourists viewing the city's ancient ruins.

A visitor returning today would hardly know Bodrum. The town's 185-slip marina is already too small for the flotilla of yachts anchored there from ports as distant as Oslo and Southampton. On the other side of the harbor, near the 15th century Crusader castle that dominates the town, about 200 gulets—motor-equipped sailboats built by local craftsmen—take tourists out for a week or a month in the unspoiled waters off Turkey's Aegean and Mediterranean coasts. Halicarnas, an enormous open-air disco, pumps music and shoots lasers until dawn. Ertegun, who was born in Istanbul and came to the U.S. as a boy, now owns a sumptuous villa in Bodrum where he entertains such glitterati as Mick Jagger and Oscar de la Renta.

Bodrum is at the center of a tourism explosion that has taken Turkey by surprise. Over the past several years the country has evolved from a quiet, almost

isolated land into one of the hottest tourist spots in Europe. Veteran pleasure seekers from all over the world are targeting the country for its gorgeous azure water, unparalleled archaeology and bargain-basement prices. "It was a white spot on the map," says Heinrich Aken, a medical researcher from Bonn. "Everyone has already seen Greece, Italy, Spain, Morocco and Algeria. Turkey is the only thing left in the Mediterranean." Explains a Japanese traveler: "The life-style here is exotic." Nalbantoglu Gunduz, owner of a successful chartering company in Bodrum, has an uncomplicated view of the Turkish tourism boom. Says Gunduz with a shrug: "C'est la mode."

Only a few years ago, "no one knew anything about Turkey," says Gordon Roberts, a Briton who retired from the publishing industry two years ago, and now spends nine months each year sailing off the Turkish coast with his wife. "It used to be an absolute backwater. *Midnight Express* was the only thing that people knew about the place." (Turkey does have stringent drug laws, and travelers caught with even one gram of hashish risk a heavy jail term.)

Today's tourists are discovering a Turkey that transcends popular stereotypes. In Istanbul they jam the Topkapi

Palace to gaze at the 400-room harem of the sultanate and to view its incomparable treasury of emeralds, diamonds, gold and ivory. They pack the Blue Mosque and the other masterpieces of Mehmet Aga, Turkey's great 17th century architect. Bargain hunters fill the cavernous covered bazaar looking for rugs, leather goods and gold. To the south, near Izmir, tour guides jockey for position at the ruins of Ephesus, where the main attraction is the Temple of Artemis, one of the Seven



Stunning sights: visitors stroll through the ruins of the ancient city of Ephesus



Unparalleled archaeology: Cappadocia, where thousands of monks lived in eerie towers of rock

Wonders of the Ancient World. In Cappadocia, the eerie area in Central Anatolia where thousands of monks lived in conical towers of rock during the early Christian period, 22 tourist buses were recently parked together.

In 1987, 2.8 million people visited Turkey, a 20% increase over the previous year. The tourists injected about \$1.3 billion into a faltering economy; the annual inflation rate is a devastating 70%. This year the country expects to reap about \$2 billion from an anticipated 3 million visitors. These numbers still pale beside the 7 million tourists who flock each year to neighboring Greece, a country that boasts about a fifth of Turkey's population of 55 million. But, according to a recent report by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, tourism in

Turkey is growing faster than in any of the two dozen other OECD countries surveyed. The report concludes that earnings from Turkish tourism increased 215% between 1981 and 1986. Japan was a distant second, showing a 95% growth in tourist earnings over the same period.

Partly because of their long-standing prejudices and misconceptions, Americans accounted for only 6% of foreign visitors last year. "We were a bit frightened about Turkey," says Chuck Pyfer, a physician from Eugene, Ore., who is backpacking through the country with his wife Kathy. "All our friends asked us, 'Why would you ever want to go there?'" After first visiting Greece and one of its islands, Kos, about six miles off the Turkish coast, the Pyfers decided on the spur of the moment to see Bodrum. They loved what they found. "The people are gentle and gracious, and the villages are wonderful," says Pyfer. "We'll be back."

If perfect weather and stunning sights are not enough to explain this popularity, there may be another reason for the tourism explosion. "Let's not be coy," says Briton Charles Stanford, who is traveling through the country in a camper with his wife. "The exchange rate has a lot to do with it. Every week we're here, the lira improves." Three years ago the Turkish lira was about 600 to the dollar; today it hovers around 1,300. Pamela Douglas, 24, a Los Angeles student, has been sharing rooms at boardinghouses for 2,500 liras a night. At the current exchange rate, that comes out to slightly less than \$2. For that price, says Douglas, "I expected lice." Instead, she has found the rooms modest but clean.

To be sure, this is no land for five-star aficionados. It has virtually no true luxury

hotels, and the number of total hotel beds is an absurdly low 120,000. The space situation is so bad that officials in Urgup, the main town of the Cappadocia region, are opening up private homes to tourists to ease the shortage. Telephone service is poor almost everywhere in the country, and road conditions are often atrocious. Even a town as large as Bodrum (pop. 13,500) still has no sewer system. Tourists who choose to travel in the eastern areas are advised to bring their own toilet paper.

There are some who fear that the tourism boom is stripping Turkey of its charm. "The most important thing for us," says Ertan Cireli, Turkey's Under Secretary of the Ministry of Culture and Tourism, "is not to repeat the errors that other countries have made in the past." But critics charge that Turkey is already well on its way to becoming an added Eden. Purists are particularly troubled by the burgeoning development of cheap apartment buildings and hotels along the Aegean coast. Says Stanford of the area: "It's one bloody construction site." Some people say that Bodrum's attractiveness began to decline long ago. Artists and writers who favored the city a decade ago have already moved south to less developed areas. "As a businessman, I'm very happy with Bodrum now," says Charter Owner Gunduz. "But as a Bodrum citizen, I'm crying."

But for Ahmet Ertugun and other lovers of the good life, much of Turkey is still the next best thing to paradise. "What has happened to St.-Tropez will not happen to Bodrum for another 20 years," he predicts. "People are just discovering it. The Mediterranean coast of Turkey is still virgin."

—By Jacob V. Lamar, Reported by Sam Alis/Bodrum



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The Bigger Picture

Profile

FIGHTING AGAINST FLIMFLAM

JAMES RANDI uses his skill as a professional magician to expose psychics, astrologers, spiritualists, channelers, faith healers and a host of mystics and charlatans

The studio audience at the *Tonight* show in Burbank is strangely silent, staring intently at the proceedings on the stage. A shirtless volunteer lies face up on a table, behind which stands a short, balding man with a fringe of white hair, a bushy beard and piercing green eyes. He kneads the exposed abdomen with both hands, presses one thumb down and draws it across the skin. A trickle, then a stream of blood appears. The audience gasps. Now his hand thrusts into the abdomen and, accompanied by a sickening squishing sound, pulls up a clump of bloody tissue. Host Johnny Carson grimaces. A groan of revulsion sweeps the crowded studio; one woman faints.

Again the hands plunge down, bringing up more gore and then a tubular organ, which the bearded man stares at momentarily. "Oh, no! That doesn't come out," he apologizes, his eyes suddenly twinkling, and pushes it back into the body. The spell is broken and the audience roars, then titters nervously as he proceeds to remove additional gore. Finally he wipes away the blood, revealing an expanse of unbroken, unscarred skin.

What millions of people have just seen is a demonstration of "psychic surgery." The blood had been donated by a volunteer before the show; the "diseased tissue" consisted of shreds of lamb heart, hidden in a tray behind the table and manipulated by the facile hands of a master magician: James ("the Amazing") Randi, 59, conjurer, showman, crusader and America's most implacable foe of flummery. The props and the techniques are those used by the so-called psychic surgeons of the Philippines, who promise miraculous, painless, lifesaving surgery to lure desperately ill people to their clinics. But what the sufferers get is sleight of hand, not surgery, and Randi's goal is to spread that message. "These people go to the Philippines," he explains, "they spend their money, and they return home, in most cases to die."

It was for his exposures of faith healers, channelers, spoon benders, assorted psychics and others who prey on the gullible that Randi in 1986 became the first magician to receive a prestigious "genius" award from the MacArthur Foundation. The \$272,000 that came with the honor has enabled Randi to step up his travels. He has logged 45,000

miles in the past few months alone, traveling far from his home in Plantation, Fla. In March he was in Australia, demonstrating the fraudulence of channeling, which involves a supposedly long-dead sage uttering words of wisdom through the mouth of a modern-day proxy. April found him in China, invited by a science journal to help stem what the editor called "growing confusion between science and superstition." In San Francisco and Des Moines, Dallas and New York City, Randi spoke out for rationality in what he sees as an increasingly irrational world. "It's like shoveling water uphill, but it's got to be done," he says with missionary zeal.

Everywhere the irrepressible Randi goes, usually in a flowing tweed cape and a brown, broad-brimmed hat, bewildering events occur: spoons bend, watches stop, wallets disappear, pencils move mysteriously, minds are read. And everywhere, Randi's message is the same: the remarkable happenings are simply magic tricks, not psychic or out-of-this-world phenomena.

James Randi barely made it into this world. Born prematurely in Toronto in 1928, he weighed only 2 lbs. 3 oz. Despite that precarious debut, Randall James Hamilton Zwinge soon took center stage. At nine, he invented a pop-up toaster; by his early teens he had taught himself trigonometry, calculus and hieroglyphics.

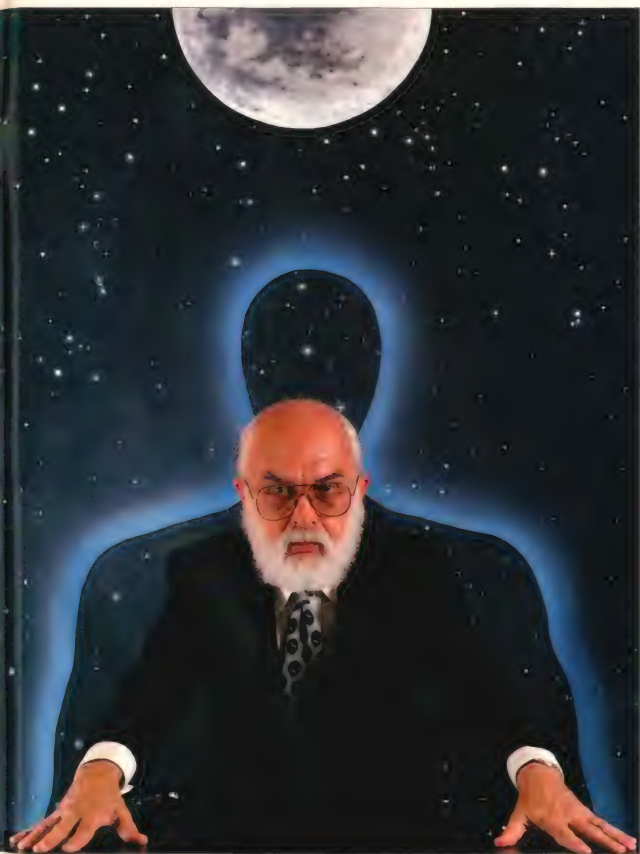
Disenchanted with school, Randi often played hooky and one afternoon found himself in Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theater, where Magician Harry Blackstone Sr. was performing. For Randi, it was instant addiction. "What I've since recognized," he says, "is that it is the kids who don't quite fit the social picture who go into magic."

What Randi recognized much earlier was that magic was sometimes misused. Hearing about miraculous happenings in local spiritualist churches, he decided to see for himself. Disaster. Watching the preacher divine the contents of sealed envelopes handed him by his parishioners, Randi, then 15, was outraged. "He was using the old 'one-ahead' method," Randi explains, still indignant. Striding to the pulpit, he fished one of the opened envelopes out of a wastebasket and accused the preacher of cheating. An uproar followed, and Randi was arrested for disturbing a religious meeting. At the police station he vowed that he would someday fight back against those who defiled his art.

After dropping out of high school at 17, Randi joined a traveling carnival. On tour, he wore a turban and a beard, was billed as Prince Ibis, did a mind-reading act and supervised a "ten-in-one" carny talk for ten attractions under one tent. Among the features, Randi recalls, were Kong Lee, the electric boy, and the 10-ft. indigo snake ("It was only six feet, but who counts?").

He soon graduated to the Canadian nightclub circuit, where as the Great Randall he performed routine acts of legerdemain. One night after his show, a policeman jokingly clapped a pair of cuffs on him and dared him to escape. Piece of cake. "I walked into the open door of a squad car and got out the other side with the cuffs off." Chagrined, the police challenged him to break out of a locked jail cell. He did, easily, and the next day a local newspaper carried a story headlined THE AMAZING RANDI ESCAPES FROM QUEBEC PRISON. "From that moment on," he says, "I was 'the Amazing Randi.'" He has since legally changed his name to James Randi.

Building his reputation as an escape artist, he wiggled out of ropes and straitjackets, as well as handcuffs, some-



Profile

times while in a coffin submerged in water. At 27 he was invited to appear on a CBS television show, *It's Magic*. "They hauled me 110 ft. above Broadway with a crane, hanging me upside down at the end of a cable in a straitjacket—and I escaped from the jacket. It got me on the front page of the *Herald Tribune*." It also launched his television career, which has included 32 appearances on the *Tonight* show alone. Randi's formula was simple. He would walk into the Manhattan office of the *Tonight* writers an hour or so before airtime, when they were still desperately scrambling for ideas. "I'd say, 'Would you like to freeze me in a block of ice and see me escape?' They'd say 'Great!' and gag it up somehow, freezing me with a halibut on my chest, or whatnot."

While eking out a living performing magic and escape acts, Randi kept an eye on the world of the paranormal, which had boomed during the years of the flower children and the counterculture. Then in 1972, two scientists at the Stanford Research Institute (now SRI International) announced that they were testing an Israeli psychic who could apparently cause objects to levitate, spoons to bend and electron beams to change direction. Their subject, Uri Geller, quickly became a celebrity, but Randi, watching him perform, was unimpressed. "The tricks were very simple," he says. "There was nothing you couldn't get off the back of a cornflakes box, so to speak." Randi decided it was time to act.

With a handful of scientists and journalists who were also appalled at the easy acceptance of Geller's claims, Randi founded CSICOP, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, which today includes such luminaries as Astronomer Carl Sagan, Nobel Laureate Physicist Murray Gell-Mann and Psychologist B.F. Skinner. As CSICOP's point man, Randi sought out TV producers and editors and demonstrated that he could duplicate Geller's feats simply by using distraction and sleight of hand. Geller soon came a cropper. During a disastrous 22-minute appearance on the *Tonight* show, he failed to perform a single feat. Carson's staff, consulting with Randi, had set up safeguards against cheating.

Rocketed into fame by the Geller affair, Randi has gone on to expose psychics, dowers, levitators, astrologers and other naive or fraudulent stars of the paranormal world. For example, after a St. Louis parapsychology laboratory claimed to have discovered two boys who could mentally bend spoons, create images on unexposed photographic film and change the position of clock hands, Randi pounced. The precocious wizards, he declared, were in fact skilled amateur magicians. With Randi's connivance, they had been planted in the lab—which soon lost its funding and closed down. And when a psychic demonstrated on a TV show that he could mentally cause pages of a book to flip, Randi sprinkled bits of Styrofoam around the opened book and asked for a repeat performance. The psychic, who had been unobtrusively exhaling through his lips to turn the pages, balked, all too aware that flying Styrofoam would literally blow his act.

None of Randi's exploits better illustrates his in-

genuity than his 1986 exposure of Peter Popoff, the TV evangelist who claimed to be guided by God's voice. Popoff would race around an auditorium, striding up to dozens of people he had never met, greeting them by name, reciting their addresses, diagnosing their illnesses and then pretending to heal them with a laying on of hands. With the help of several volunteers, a video camera and a radio frequency scanner, Randi discovered that Popoff's wife Elizabeth toured the audience before the service began and engaged in seemingly casual chitchat. In her oversize purse was a radio transmitter that carried the conversations backstage, where Popoff transcribed them. When the evangelist later made his rounds of the audience, he had in his left ear a hidden miniature receiver that enabled Elizabeth, now backstage, to direct him to those members of the audience she had already pumped for information.

"Popoff says that God speaks directly to him because he's an anointed minister," said Randi afterward. "Three things amaze me about that. First of all, it turns out that God's frequency—I didn't know that he used radio—is

39.170 MHz, and that God is a woman, and sounds exactly like Popoff's wife Elizabeth." Last year, shortly after Randi published his book *The Faith Healers*, which included a chapter on the Popoff investigation, donations to Popoff's TV ministry dropped so sharply that he declared bankruptcy.

"We may disagree with Randi on specific points," says Carl Sagan, "but we ignore him at our peril." "He's a national treasure," says Author Isaac Asimov. Randi's targets are less enthusiastic. A Popoff staff member calls him "the devil" and an atheist. He has been the object of hate-mail campaigns by some of his foes. All to no avail. Says Randi: "No blackmail, no threats, can cause me to back away from my chosen work."

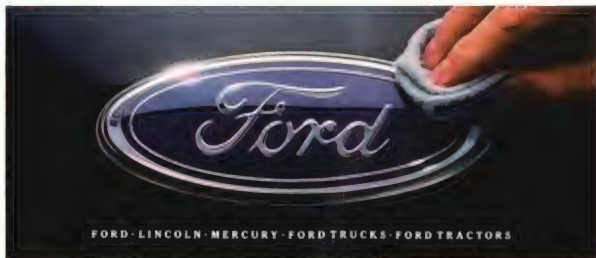
Randi has never married. "I was too good an escape artist," he explains. Over the years, however, he has given shelter to young aspiring magicians, taking them in as apprentices and serving as a foster parent. "Kids keep showing up at my door with knapsacks on their backs," Randi says, "offering to work for nothing if I help train them." Today he shares his secluded, cluttered Florida house with his cat Charlie and José Alvarez, 20, his latest protégé. It was Alvarez who, in a dramatic appearance at the Opera House in Sydney last March, convinced many Australians that he was a channeler for a 35,000-year-old man named Carlos ("Named after my cat," says Randi). One of Channeler José's most significant quotes: "All answers are yes, and all questions can be answered thus." Then, on national television, Randi disclosed that he had orchestrated the entire performance as a scam designed to enhance skepticism Down Under. Most Australians were amused, but channeling devotees petulantly insisted that the episode proved nothing.

Randi is philosophical about these and other diehards, recognizing that their need to believe in the supernatural overwhelms their common sense. No matter what evidence of deception or fraud is presented, he concludes, "there will always be people who really don't want to know that there is no tooth fairy." —By Leon Jaroff

RANDI SPEAKS OUT FOR RATIONALITY IN WHAT he sees as an increasingly irrational world. "It's like shoveling water uphill, but it's got to be done," he says with missionary zeal.

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Education



The McCullas: a family phalanx of William and Mary grads kicks up its heels in a can-can-can-can-can-can-can-can

All in the American Family

Commencement words—wise, witty and weighty—for the class

Though 1988's graduates are deservedly getting their young lions' share of attention, commencement has always been a family affair—and never more so than this year. At Immaculata College, near Philadelphia, Nora Gammon, 54, a mother of twelve children, proudly accepted her B.A. along with Daughter Laureen, 21. At New York City's Lehman College, Elyse Sanchez's brood of four proudly stood by while the 35-year-old welfare mother got her B.A. Elizabeth McCulla, 21, became the eighth in her family to graduate from William and Mary (Mom's and Dad's alma mater). Jesse Jackson stomped up a storm as speaker at his alma mater, North Carolina A. & T., then beamed as Sons Jesse Jr. and Jonathan received their sheepskins. And at Benedictine College in Atchison, Kans., the day's loudest cheer went up for Dan Butler, 70. Butler had quit Benedictine in 1940, raised eight kids, then dropped back in two years ago as a full-time student who insisted on moving right into a campus dorm. "I'm used to being around children," explained the spry widower, "and I would have been lonely otherwise."

Herewith a sampler of cogent words by featured commencement speakers around the nation:

Tycoon T. Boone Pickens, at George Washington University, Washington: "Be willing to make decisions. That's the most important quality in a good leader. Don't fall victim to what I call the 'ready-aim-aim-aim' syndrome: You must be willing to fire."

Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres, at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York City: "We don't want to dominate the Arabs because the Arabs

don't want to be dominated... And believe me, it is so difficult to govern the Jewish people, why should we try and govern somebody else, anyway?"

National League President A. Bartlett Giamatti, at M.I.T., Cambridge, Mass.: "The enemy of the university is not dissent, not disagreement, not disagreeableness. Gentility is the mark of a great finishing school, not a university."

President Ernest Boyer of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, at Trinity University, San Antonio: "An incompetent teacher is even worse than an incompetent surgeon because a surgeon can only cut up one person at a time."

Barnard President Ellen Futter, at Barnard College, New York City: "Education is empowerment—individual and national... For the United States of America to be populated by a citizenry that is uneducated is a prescription for disaster and a sentence to everlasting mediocrity."

Novelist Cynthia Ozick, at Bryn Mawr College, Pa.: "In the possession of a heritage, there are no princes and no paupers. Every reader is a potential citizen of influence with a claim on patrimony and on the widest and most inclusive recesses of the culture."

Art Historian Kirk Varnedoe, at the Savannah College of Art and Design, Ga.: "I have a couple of disadvantages speaking to you today. I'm trained as an art historian, not an artist, and the painter Barnett Newman once said that art history is

for artists what ornithology is for the birds."

Journalist Bill Moyers, at the University of Texas, Austin: "A journalist is a professional beachcomber on the shores of other peoples' wisdom."

Chief Justice of the U.S. William Rehnquist, at Marquette University, Milwaukee: "When you are young and impecunious, society conditions you to exchange time for money, and this is quite as it should be. Very few people are hurt by having to work for a living. But as you become more affluent, it somehow is very, very difficult to reverse that process and begin trading money for time."

Physicist Freeman Dyson, at the College of Wooster, Ohio: "The game of status seeking, organized around committees, is played in roughly the same fashion in Africa, in America and in the Soviet Union. Perhaps the aptitude for this committee game is part of our genetic inheritance. Like the aptitude for speech and for music."

Author Paul Theroux, at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst: "These books about the affairs of the White House, telling secrets—they're obnoxious. But haven't we got a right to know those things? Aren't we obliged to know those things? The same goes for people selling snake oil and salvation. It's human weakness that they represent, but it's an American strength when they are exposed."

Vietnamese Boat Person Vu Thanh Thuy, at Marist College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.: "In fact, surprising as it may seem, the daily struggle of making a living in America is more difficult to cope with than all of the events we went through in prison and at sea. The reason is that there is nothing 'heroic' about surviving the never ending problems of daily life."

Books

The Joys of Glass and Gambling

OSCAR AND LUCINDA by Peter Carey: Harper & Row; 433 pages; \$18.95

The year is 1866, and an English governor is consigned to doleful duty in a remote Australian backwater. He has her thoughts interrupted by a preposterous vision: "She was running through her list of unsatisfactory or irritating or boorish suitors when she saw a church made from glass towed into her field of vision by two men in wide straw hats." This is no hallucination. The crystalline minicathedral that floats into view, with a framework of iron, measures 50 ft. in length and 22 ft. 6 in. across. It weighs twelve tons.

By the time the governor beholds the church, Australian Author Peter Carey's third novel has begun to build to a spectacular finish. But none of the surprises to come are any more outlandish than the trail of circumstances and coincidences that have led up to them. Like the glass structure it celebrates, *Oscar and Lucinda* seems the stuff of shimmering, transparent fantasy, held together by the struts of 19th century history and the mullions of painstaking detail. The book does not, of course, weigh twelve tons, but it will seem substantial enough to readers unable to put it down.

Carey's title provides an answer to the first and most obvious question: Who on earth would go to the considerable trouble of making a glass church materialize in the Australian outback? Why, Oscar and Lucinda, naturally. But who are (or were) they, what brought them together, and why did they conceive such a pointless, improbable dream? Explanations, as the author supplies them, grow ever less simple and more entertaining.

Oscar, for openers, is the sole surviving child of a widower named Theophilus Hopkins, a naturalist renowned for his studies along the rugged English coast of Devon and a fire-breathing evangelical preacher. The lad eventually tastes a Christmas pudding, strictly forbidden by his father's severe regimen, is punished and rebels. He leaves home, settles in with the local Anglican minister, and eventually enters Oriel College, Oxford, to study for holy orders in the Church of England. Unfortunately, no one has seen fit to pay his way—not his impoverished adoptive father and certainly not his real one, who views an Oxford education as "sending his only son into the everlasting hellfire." Oscar's financial salvation comes when a

well-to-do classmate looking for company knocks on his door by accident and then remarks, "I say, Odd Bod, do you like a flutter?" Slowly, Oscar realizes that he is being invited to bet on horses at Epsom Downs. He would indeed like a flutter: "He knew that God would give him money at the races."

While Oscar is successfully mastering and profiting from the odds, half a world

away Lucinda Leplastrier finds herself orphaned in New South Wales. Her parents' experimental farm has been subdivided and sold by her legal guardian, leaving her with an inheritance of more than £10,000 and the freedom to move to the colonial metropolis of Sydney, where she buys one of the first things she sees, the Prince Rupert's Glassworks. Lucinda's purchase is not entirely impulsive; she has already come under the spell of glass, with the conviction "that it is invisible, solid, in short, a joyous and paradoxical thing, as good a material as any to build a life from." The unconventional young factory owner soon finds another obsession in the

freewheeling world of Sydney: the joy of playing cards in particular and of gambling in general.

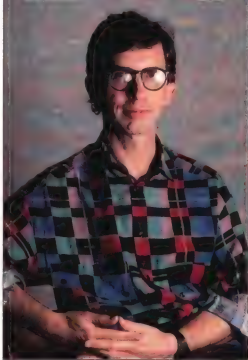
Carey's next trick is to bring these two similarly addicted but far-flung young people together. Lucinda journeys to London, where she consults with the designer of the Crystal Palace, the glass-and-iron housing for the famed Exhibition of 1851, about new directions her factory should take. Oscar, meanwhile, successfully out of Oxford and teaching school, has begun to feel that his method of raising money, while not in itself sinful, has inspired unholy passions in his soul. He longs, in short, to bet on everything. So, on the toss of a coin, he decides that he has been chosen to "bring the word of Christ to New South Wales." He and Lucinda take the same ship out to Sydney.

The meeting of these strong-willed, lethal innocents is at first a comedy of errors. She, seeing his clerical garb, feels obliged to ask Oscar to hear her confession, even though that is the last thing she wants. He, shy, seascik, and terrified of the ocean view he knows he must face through her first-class porthole, reluctantly drags himself to his duty. He listens. "She confessed that she had attended rooms in Drury Lane for the purposes of playing fan-tan." He leaps to her, and his, defense: "Our whole faith is a wager, Miss Leplastrier... we bet that there is a God. We bet our life on it."

And suppose they are wrong? On the surface, at least, the events that ripple forth from the meeting of Oscar and Lucinda strongly suggest that possibility. Carey slowly, almost imperceptibly, introduces tragedy into his narrative. For all their individual charms, his hero and heroine have a way of both exalting and destroying everything and everyone around them, including each other. And behind their individual fates lies another, equally ambiguous story, which may be ei-

Excerpt

"The first wave washed across the deck. They turned 'Hoo,' said Oscar, to see the next wave—its white head towering over them like a ghost in the night. Lucinda found it frightening. She made some silly comment and turned to see her partner, white-faced with terror, his mouth open, crouched over the table trying to pick up cards without looking at them. He was not handling these cards as a card-player might, but like a savage. He made a repetitive noise—Uh-uh-uh-uh—that came from the back of his throat."



ther the arrival of civilization in a barbarous land or the destruction of an Edenic world by pompous, ignorant invaders. Like the best fiction, *Oscar and Lucinda* does not require a choice between its alternative visions. It offers instead an enchanting contradiction, a mirror and a glass, a joyous reflection of how much and how little mere mortals are ever allowed to see.

—By Paul Gray

Neo-Guru

TILTING AT WINDMILLS

by Charles Peters

Addison-Wesley; 294 pages; \$18.95

At the tenth-anniversary dinner for his spunky little journal, the *Washington Monthly*, Editor Charles Peters stood up and baptized his iconoclastic movement. "We're neoliberals," he told his disciples. That was in 1979, and since then, they have worked a quiet revolution. By exposing the dusty tenets of American liberalism to some fresh ideas and empirical questioning, Peters and his followers have helped rescue it from the clutches of interest groups, entrenched bureaucratic thinking and post-Viet Nam neuroses. Now, in *Tilting at Windmills*, Peters offers an amiable tract designed to elucidate what he jocularly refers to as "the one true faith."

In the gospel according to Peters, the most fundamental maxim is that ideas cannot be divorced from experience. Consequently, his book comes cloaked as an autobiography. As he ambles through the events of his life, Peters collects simple lessons and weaves them into a political creed. From his childhood in Charleston, W. Va., he developed an ideal of community values based on a willingness to share society's burdens. From his Army service, he picked up a lasting disdain for class distinctions. And a stint as a Peace Corps administrator left him with a sharp eye for the foibles of Government bureaucracies.

With the *Washington Monthly*'s piquant mixture of myth-piercing reporting and clear-eyed opinions, Peters created a new style of journalism that looked at Washington, in his words, "the way that an anthropologist looks at a South Sea island." Equally important, he trained a cadre of young followers who went on to apply his rigorously intellectual approach at larger publications.

For nondisciples, Peters' book is destined to be disappointing in parts. It tends to treat issues involving race and poverty as grist for abstract ideas rather than emotional commitment. It occasionally lapses into homilies rather than serious expositions of a philosophy. Yet it is the simple goodness of these homilies that accounts for much of Peters' allure. With a sweetness and grace that make him the least jaded journalist in Washington, Peters turns *Windmills* into an inspiring account of a good man's quest for ideas that make sense and for deeds that can make a difference.

—By Walter Isaacson

Bookends

PEOPLE LIKE US

by Dominick Dunne

Crown; 403 pages; \$19.95



The good Lord must love the nouveaux riches, because he made so many of them. He also seems to have provided a surfeit of writers to turn their freshly gilded lives into trashy novels. Among recent scribes who specialize in pressing readers' noses against the glass that separates them from the best of everything is Dominick Dunne (*The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*). His latest is sodden with the sort of unimaginative stock characters that have tumbled out of all the rich-and-famous pseudo fiction of the 1980s. The setting is Manhattan's Upper East Side, the pricey arena where old-moneyed families quietly count their fortunes in the millions and the newly minted are loudly working on their second billion. Crass vs. class, with the usual results: money goes far but only so far. Characters suffer fates made familiar by recent headlines and gossip columnists: a coarse financial tycoon rises and then falls in an insider-trading scandal; a TV newsman married to an aristocrat grows bored and casts off for another port; the homosexual son of one of the town's most respected families gets AIDS.

Dunne tries to dazzle with expensive brand names and superficial sociology. He deals in story threads, not plot lines. One is about revenge of the murder of a young woman reminiscent of Dunne's own daughter, Actress Dominique Dunne, who was killed by her former boyfriend in 1982. A new low in exploitation.

THE PIGEON

by Patrick Süskind

Translated by John E. Woods

Knopf; 115 pages; \$14.95



Jonathan Noel, 53, has been a bank guard in Paris for some 30 years. He imagines that by the time he retires, he will "assuredly be the one person in all Paris—perhaps even in all France—who had stood the longest time in just one place." This suits Jonathan fine. His childhood was disagreeably eventful: both parents disappeared during World War II. As a young man, he was pressured into the army and then into an unsuitable, short-lived marriage. Since then, he has carefully constructed a hermetic existence designed to protect himself from all surprises. His plan works, until the morning he discovers a pigeon staring at him in the hallway outside his attic room. The protagonist of German Author Patrick Süskind's second novel seems as commonplace as the monstrous

main character of his first, the international best seller *Perfume* (1986), was bizarre. Such appearances are deceiving. *The Pigeon* is a small, unassuming paradigm of psychological terror and comedy. With remarkable grace and compression, Süskind displays a life, dismantles it and then puts it all back together again.

AN OUTDOOR JOURNAL

by Jimmy Carter

Bantam; 275 pages; \$18.95



In his latest book, ex-President Richard Nixon peers at the future as of 1999. In his latest, ex-President Jimmy Carter examines the past. Both men summon up better worlds, but in *An Outdoor Journal* Carter has hold of a sure thing. In spare and lyrical images, he recalls a Huckleberry childhood, boating down creeks and listening to the yarns of backwoodsmen: "Never heard of anybody drowning in this here swamp. The gators always get them first." The affection for a "natural setting not much changed from the way He made it" never departs. Even during visits to China and Japan, the Chief Executive ransacks local streams. In this disarming memoir, politics intrudes only once, when Carter points out that one of his last legislative acts tripled the nation's wilderness acreage. "I can understand the feeling of Henry David Thoreau," he concludes justifiably. "The earth was the most glorious instrument, and I was audience to its strains."

TWILIGHT

by Elie Wiesel

Translated by Marion Wiesel

Summit; 217 pages; \$17.95



In *The Magic Mountain*, Thomas Mann removed his characters to a Swiss tuberculosis sanatorium to illustrate the spiritual and intellectual malaise of the West on the eve of World War I. Elie Wiesel's *Twilight* looks back at the chaos and savagery of World War II through the eyes of patients at a psychiatric clinic in upstate New York. Wiesel's madmen are Jews who have biblical hallucinations and share mystical yearnings and questions raised by the Holocaust. "Why so many victims? ... Why the indifference of the Allies? And question of questions: why the silence of God?" The author, himself a survivor of Auschwitz and the recipient of the 1986 Nobel Peace Prize, confronts the unanswerable by weaving together meditative stories and parables from the devastated Old World and the hopeful New. As in his previous books, Wiesel profoundly restates his themes, most notably the primacy of memory and the need to bear witness. ■

Cinema



Double double, toilet and trouble: Midler and Tomlin pair up in a Plaza bathroom

Country Girls vs. Manhattan Ladies

BIG BUSINESS Directed by Jim Abrahams
Screenplay by Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel

High Concept is the no-fault insurance of the entertainment business, a brief description that both sells and sums up a movie or TV show. So leave it to the folks at Disney, the Everest of High Concept, to produce a movie based on this line: "Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin as twin twins." All twists and splits of the story proceed from this inspiration; the concept propels the plot. After a merging of those stars and that theme, everything else is just homework.

Here's how it goes. Two sets of twins—rich girls Rose and Sadie Shelton and poor girls Rose and Sadie Ratliff—are born in the same hospital, then mixed in their cradles. One pair of mismatched twins is raised in Manhattan, where they eventually run the giant Moramax corporation. The other pair grows up in Jupiter Hollow, an Appalachian town whose furniture factory Moramax owns and plans to sell, the better to strip-mine the region. The two Roses (both played by Tomlin) are country girls at heart; they love down-home honesty, rubes named Boone and all you can eat. The two Sadies (Midler and Midler), true Manhattan ladies, swoon at the sight of stretch limos, Tiffany and anything in pants. The country Ratliffs come North to fight the city Sheltons, and all four stay at the Plaza Hotel. Doors slam and chaos reigns. Beaux are vamped and revamped, ideals are compromised and identities scrambled in this conglomerate comedy of errors.

Confused? Screenwriters Pierson and Rubel hope you'll be, at least at first. They want you to be seeing double before you've settled in your seat. Fanciers of '30s screwball comedy may chafe at this

film's substitution of efficiency for energy, of speed for style; they may yawn at an old mirror-image routine that Midler essays, which is lifted from Silent Comedian Max Linder and the Marx Brothers' *Duck Soup*. But *Big Business* was designed as a compact car, not a classic. Once Director Jim Abrahams (*Airplane!*) hot-wires the mechanism, the plot takes care of itself, and the movie pretty genially takes care of any audience looking for frenetic summer fun. It's value for money to get two fish-out-of-water stories in one, especially with the planet's two most gifted performing females in the main roles.

Tomlin is an adept dear, and has a fine time hexing Moramax's corporate wimps with her voodoo snake whammy. Still, you may vainly search for signs of the quicksilver wit and emotional risk she radiates onstage. Someday Hollywood will harness her genius, in some movie with a different co-star. After all, who looks at anyone else when Bette Midler is around? It is a privilege merely to watch her walk her walks: the not-quite-ladylike mince, the executive sweep, the strummet's strut. She lopes easily from City Sadie, the bitch goddess who spits out orders to her lab scientists ("Get tougher rats!"), to Country Sadie, struggling with her press-on nails ("I guess I should've pressed harder") and giddy with her first sip of high life in a Plaza bathroom ("Cute little soaps in the shape of swans! Could you die!"). Tomlin plays the Roses, but Midler is a fistful of Daisys: Miller, Buchanan and Mae. She is more than High Concept. As a movie star, even in this efficient little comedy, Bette is heaven in high heels.

—By Richard Corliss

Animal Crackers

FUNNY FARM

Directed by George Roy Hill
Screenplay by Jeffrey Boam

Andy Farmer (Chevy Chase) sits by the fireplace; his lazy, lovable pet, Yellow Dog, dozes at his feet. An odor catches Andy's attention—hmm, something's burning. The master of this Vermont farmhouse eases on over to the hearth, extracts Yellow Dog's tail from the cinders and gently stubs it out like a spent cigar. The pooch barely opens one glazed eye. This scene, briefer than a minute, is a vagrant moment of unforced drollery in *Funny Farm*'s carnival of sylvan horrors.

Welcome to Redbud, Andy and Elizabeth (Madolyn Smith). He hopes to write that big novel; she's looking for peace and quiet. Instead they find a snake in their living room; a corpse in the garden and a mailman who thinks he's Mad Max in a pickup truck. The deepest injury is to Andy's authorial ego, when his book turns out stinky and she writes next year's best seller. In Smith's bruised glare you can see the befuddled pain of anyone married to a blockhead with writer's block. But that's just subplot. The main plot is barely sordid: sound effects in place of wit, and rural goofuses who wouldn't dare show their faces on *Newhart*.

Some bigwig at Warner Bros. must have been traumatized by a move to the 'burbs: *Funny Farm* is Warner's third comedy in a year to deal with New Yorkers who find angst in New England. (Another film, *Moving*, exiled Richard Pryor from New Jersey to darkest Idaho.) But *The Witches of Eastwick* and *Beetlejuice* had infernal satire in mind and an intelligent eye for the grotesque. *Funny Farm* is mostly just a country store stocked with stale notions and antique gags: *Mr. Bland Builds His Dream House*.

—R.C.



Cut to the Chase: urbanite angler

Art



Mach's *A Million Miles Away*: a world of things bobbing like corks on a gross, value-free cataract of media imagery

Gods, Chess and 28,000 Magazines

Three impressive sculpture shows range from primal power to consumerist satire

A run of first-rate sculpture shows has opened in the New York City area this spring. Such artists as Michael Heizer, Ursula von Rydingsvard and John Duff have mounted exhibitions demonstrating the range and vitality of contemporary sculpture. One of the most impressive of all opened last month at Storm King Art Center on the Hudson River in Mountainville, N.Y., 55 miles upstream from Manhattan. It is a concise survey of the past ten years of work—17 sculptures, 19 powerful charcoal and oil-stick drawings—by the British-born sculptor William Tucker, 53, who has lived in the U.S. since 1978.

Those who have visited Storm King know it as a testing spot for large-scale sculpture. Anything displayed there must face not only the permanent collection of pieces by David Smith, Alexander Calder, Mark di Suvero and other virtuosos of bigness, but the setting itself: a mountain with sweeping green ledges and infolding valleys whose scale can reduce lesser work to mere bibelots. Tucker's show, which runs through

October, survives both comparisons.

Tucker was perhaps the most gifted of the English sculptors nurtured by Anthony Caro's teaching at St. Martin's School in London 30 years ago. They were all struggling to get out from the monolithic influence of Henry Moore by constructing open sculpture from wood or steel, instead of carving or modeling. By the late '70s Tucker was bringing an unusual intensity and even drama to his constructed work. He made pieces like the magisterial *House of the Hanged Man*, 1981, out of weathered, blackened balks of timber and bits of roof trusses and piers held together with massive, punctuating bolts.

These frame- and cagelike structures became more modeled and blunter in the early '80s. All the same, one was not ready for the swing that appeared in Tucker's work in 1984. He turned to bronze, to figures—everything his early sculptures had eschewed. This was as unexpected as the moment in 1970 when Philip Guston, known for 20 years as a painter of fugitive gray-rose webs, showed his first paintings of Ku Klux Klansmen and sent an avalanche of taste rolling toward "clumsy" figuration. What was the erstwhile constructor up to? This show tells.

Tucker's new sculptures are named after Greek deities, the impersonal beings who presided over the creation of the world and its gods: the earth spirit Gaia, daughter of Chaos and mother of the Titans; Ouranos, god of the skies; their son Okeanos and his wife Tethys, parents of the sea and river gods. Unlike their Olympian descendants, these were too archaic to have acquired a fixed form in classical art. There was no thousand-year lineage of marble prototypes for their shape. They could be big and indistinct. And the



Mach



Tucker



Corberó

conjunction of monumental size with muffled form entranced Tucker. The resulting pieces look ineloquent, truncated, more available—at first—to touch than to sight.

Works like *Ouranos* are infused with a sense of primal material under the stress of becoming, a mass raising itself up into consciousness even as gravity drags it down. You think of *Genesis* and the lump of clay just on the point of turning into Adam (the first sculpture of all). A little less thought, less work, and they would only be lumps. Tucker had taken a long look at Rodin, and it shows everywhere on his bronzes. The heavings and incrustations of their skins are, in fact, exquisitely organized to carry the eye around the form and leave no dead or slick patches on the surface. Groping, malleability, squeezing, thumbing bespeak a flat-out commitment to the tactile.

The biggest of the pieces, and Tucker's masterpiece so far, is *Okeanos*, 1987-88. It packs three layers of imagery into its mass without the slightest strain or theatricality. At first it is a great bowed head and shoulders, rearing up from the earth and leaning forward. Its immense back carries memories of Matisse's bronze backs, and its pose refers, distantly, to Brancusi's *MLE Pogany*. Then, from the side, one notices how it resembles a big wave about to topple—the ocean over which the deity ruled. And finally, from the front, closer in, the deep pits and bosses in the surface suggest a rock carved at random by the swilling of that sea. It is a work of astonishing power and distinction.

Of the season's shows in Manhattan, one that was unaccountably ignored by critics is Xavier Corberó's at the BlumHelman Warehouse (through June 11). At 53, Corberó, a Catalan who lives in Barcelona, is one of the best though most idiosyncratic sculptors in Europe; his show, "The Catalan Opening," contains work of such metaphorical richness, variety and wit that one would need to be an aesthetic prune-face not to enjoy it.

The Catalan opening is, of course, a chess gambit. Corberó's exhibition is a set of 16 black chess pieces—king and queen, hulking monoliths more than 9½ ft. high, and a whimsical army of knights, bishops, rooks and pawns, all carved and constructed from basalt. This brittle volcanic rock is too hard to chisel cleanly; it can only be sawed or broken like a flint. Corberó revels in the risks of breaking it. Each piece of basalt becomes a found object—altered, but bearing a memory of



Corberó's 9½-ft. queen and king: the raw memory of the quarry
Fine craftsmanship and a sardonic, free-associating air.

the raw look it had in the quarry. The set is not just Catalan in name. It prolongs the spirit of older Barcelonan artists and architects, a sense of material fantasy that still saturates the place and gives Corberó's work its sardonic, free-associating air and its obsessively fine craftsmanship. There are delicious Miróesque touches in this show, like the comb jauntily set on the queen's head, grooved with the bars of the Catalan shield, or the wacky little pyramid that balances on the needle peak of a

pawn called *Miss Capicua*, 1987-88. Other details resurrect the images of heraldic encounter, the dungeons and dragons that lie within the shapes of chessmen. Loving the double image, Corberó is part heir to Catalan surrealism. The son and grandson of metalsmiths, he sometimes gets a bit overrefined for American taste, but his delight in odd tropes—like making forms in basalt that conventionally would be done in metal—has its own authentic motives. He remains a very considerable sculptor.

Corberó's work looks fairly orthodox, nevertheless, beside that of the young Scotsman David Mach, 32, showing at the Barbara Toll gallery (also through June 11). There is one object on view. It fills most of the gallery. It is called *A Million Miles Away* and is made from some 28,000 magazines—surplus copies of *House Beautiful*, *Esquire*, *Town & Country* and the like—spilling in a torrent from a fireplace, across the floor and through a wall and another fireplace. Embedded in them are a bathtub, a stuffed zebra and what must be the world's largest outboard motor, a 300-h.p. Johnson V-8, which looks big

enough to drive the *Queen Mary*. The work is not for sale, and will be dismantled at the end of the show. Mach likens such setups to performances, and this one was done before in England with different objects and a different title, *Fuel for the Fire*. The current enigmatic title comes from the absent-minded state one gets into when stacking up tons of old magazines, one by one, a condition Mach compares to that of an assembly-line worker whose thoughts are "a million miles away" while his hands do their repetitive chores.

What is this weird object about? Plainly, a satire on commodity culture, the bulimic gorging of mass-produced imagery that is built so firmly into our social responses by now that we cannot, or will not, see its inherent strangeness. Mach is not just a fine-art version of the reclusive hobbyist who makes Eiffel Towers or Brooklyn Bridges from a million spent matches. He wants to turn surplus against itself—not in the friendly way of Kurt Schwitters or Robert Rauschenberg but with real bloody-mindedness. *A Million Miles Away* posits a world in which things are carried along, bobbing like corks, on a gross, value-free catarract of media imagery. The waves of magazines undulate with a glutinous, twining rhythm, and their movement seems irresistible: they are going to take over the gallery first, and then the world. Only the zebra seems above it all; but then, it cannot read. —By Robert Hughes



Tucker's *Okeanos*: a mass raising itself to consciousness

Essay
Pico Iyer

In Praise of the Humble Comma

The gods, they say, give breath, and they take it away. But the same could be said—could it not?—of the humble comma. Add it to the present clause, and, of a sudden, the mind is, quite literally, given pause to think; take it out if you wish or forget it and the mind is deprived of a resting place. Yet still the comma gets no respect. It seems just a slip of a thing, a pedant's tick, a blip on the edge of our consciousness, a kind of printer's smudge almost. Small, we claim, is beautiful (especially in the age of the microchip). Yet what is so often used, and so rarely recalled, as the comma—unless it be breath itself?

Punctuation, one is taught, has a point: to keep up law and order. Punctuation marks are the road signs placed along the highway of our communication—to control speeds, provide directions and prevent head-on collisions. A period has the unblinking finality of a red light; the comma is a flashing yellow light that asks us only to slow down; and the semicolon is a stop sign that tells us to ease gradually to a halt, before gradually starting up again. By establishing the relations between words, punctuation establishes the relations between the people using words. That may be one reason why schoolteachers exalt it and lovers defy it ("We love each other and belong to each other let's don't ever hurt each other Nicole let's don't ever hurt each other," wrote Gary Gilmore to his girlfriend). A comma, he must have known, "separates inseparables," in the clinching words of H.W. Fowler, King of English Usage.

Punctuation, then, is a civic prop, a pillar that holds society upright. (A run-on sentence, its phrases piling up without division, is as unsightly as a sink piled high with dirty dishes.) Small wonder, then, that punctuation was one of the first proprieties of the Victorian age, the age of the corset, that the modernists threw off: the sexual revolution might be said to have begun when Joyce's Molly Bloom spilled out all her private thoughts in 36 pages of unbridled, almost unperioded and officially censored prose; and another rebellion was surely marked when E.E. Cummings first felt free to commit "God" to the lower case.

Punctuation thus becomes the signature of cultures. The hot-blooded Spaniard seems to be revealed in the passion and urgency of his doubled exclamation points and question marks ("*Caramba! ¿Quien sabe?*"), while the impassive Chinese traditionally added to his so-called inscrutability by omitting directions from his ideograms. The anarchy and commotion of the '60s were given voice in the exploding exclamation marks, riotous capital letters and Day-Glo italics of Tom Wolfe's spray-paint prose; and in Communist societies, where the State is absolute, the dignity—and divinity—of capital letters is reserved for Ministries, Sub-Committees and Secretariats.

Yet punctuation is something more than a culture's birthmark; it scores the music in our minds, gets our thoughts moving to the rhythm of our hearts. Punctuation is the notation in the sheet music of our words, telling us when

to rest, or when to raise our voices; it acknowledges that the meaning of our discourse, as of any symphonic composition, lies not in the units but in the pauses, the pacing and the phrasing. Punctuation is the way one bats one's eyes, lowers one's voice or blushes demurely. Punctuation adjusts the tone and color and volume (till the feeling comes into perfect focus: not disgust exactly, but distaste; not lust, or like, but love).

Punctuation, in short, gives us the human voice, and all the meanings that lie between the words. "You aren't young, are you?" loses its innocence when it loses the question mark. Every child knows the menace of a dropped apostrophe (the parent's "Don't do that" shifting into the more slowly enunciated "Do not do that"), and every believer, the ignominy of having his faith reduced to "faith." Add an exclamation point to "To be or not to be . . ." and the gloomy Dane has all the resolve he needs; add a comma, and the noble sobriety of "God save the Queen" becomes a cry of desperation bordering on double sacrilege.

Sometimes, of course, our markings may be simply a matter of aesthetics. Popping in a comma can be like slipping on the necklace that gives an outfit quiet elegance, or like catching the sound of running water that complements, as it completes, the silence of a Japanese landscape. When V.S. Naipaul, in his latest novel, writes, "He was a middle-aged man, with glasses," the first comma can seem a little precious. Yet it gives the description a spin, as well as a subtlety, that it otherwise lacks, and it shows that the glasses are not part of the middle-agedness, but something else.

Thus all these tiny scratches give us breadth and heft and depth. A world that has only periods is a world without infections. It is a

world without shade. It has a music without sharps and flats. It is a martial music. It has a jackboot rhythm. Words cannot bend and curve. A comma, by comparison, catches the gentle drift of the mind in thought, turning in on itself and back on itself, reversing, redoubling and returning along the course of its own sweet river music; while the semicolon brings clauses and thoughts together with all the silent discretion of a hostess arranging guests around her dinner table.

Punctuation, then, is a matter of care. Care for words, yes, but also, and more important, for what the words imply. Only a lover notices the small things: the way the afternoon light catches the nape of a neck, or how a strand of hair slips out from behind an ear, or the way a finger curls around a cup. And no one scans a letter so closely as a lover, searching for its small print, straining to hear its nuances, its gasps, its sighs and hesitations, poring over the secret messages that lie in every cadence. The difference between "Jane (whom I adore)" and "Jane, whom I adore," and the difference between them both and "Jane—whom I adore—" marks all the distance between ecstasy and heartache. "No iron can pierce the heart with such force as a period put at just the right place," in Isaac Babel's lovely words; a comma can let us hear a voice break, or a heart. Punctuation, in fact, is a labor of love. Which brings us back, in a way, to gods.





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